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# The CANADIAN FORUM

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## Gordon's Corollary

► A FEW MONTHS AGO *The Economist* published a brief exposition of a proposition formulated by one of its correspondents, and gave it the name of Parkinson's Law. The statement of this law, which opens up new paths of research in public administration, concerns the inherent capacity of the civil service to expand without relation to the amount of work to be done. The law rests on two propositions, one of which is that a bureaucrat always wishes to multiply the number of his subordinates, and the other being that bureaucrats make work for each other. By employing only these two simple assumptions, the author is able to explain the fact that, in certain departments of the United Kingdom government, there has been a very substantial expansion in the number of top-level administrative officials during a period when the work to be done was patently shrinking. He cites in particular the cases of the British Navy and the Colonial Office, each of which is a department of government whose work has contracted in the past few decades for evident reasons. In each case the number of Whitehall officials has expanded very considerably.

It is perhaps appropriate at this time to explore certain aspects of Parkinson's Law in the light of Canadian experience, partly with a view to discovering whether the proposition has any general validity (i.e. outside Great Britain), and partly in an effort to make some small contribution to this wholly novel area of social analysis.

On looking over the Canadian scene, one is immediately struck by the fact that the time and efforts of a great number of people are presently occupied with Royal Commissions. There are Royal Commissions on coastal shipping, on radio and television, on rural life in Saskatchewan, on provincial-municipal affairs in Quebec, and most notably, on Canada's Economic Prospects. Everywhere, cries for additional Royal Commissions—on farm prices, on combines legislation, on the treatment of sexual perverts—are heard in the land. We may profitably examine the experience of the Gordon Commission for a few clues as to the nature of the autonomous and self-generating process by which small and limited studies grow into large, indeed almost universal, investigations.

The Gordon Commission set out a few months ago to examine Canada's economic prospects twenty-five years hence. A secretariat was appointed to assist the five Commissioners in compiling reports and sifting evidence. It soon became clear, if indeed it was not clear to the Commissioners from the very beginning, that the material received from the public, in the form of briefs and verbal statements taken at public hearings, was nothing more nor less than a mass of

undigested sentiment based for the most part on unstated or poorly articulated assumptions. It was therefore necessary to have a small professional cadre to undertake certain special research assignments.

To illustrate, one of these special areas was Canada's international trading position. As soon as an economist was selected to deal with this aspect of the problem, it no doubt rapidly developed that a proper and rigorous analysis was quite beyond the resources of one man—or two, or three. Before many weeks had passed, specialists were appointed to deal separately with exports, imports, the balance of payments, capital flows, U.S. direct investment in Canada, and so forth. Similarly, there were appointments to investigate separately almost every major primary and secondary industry in the country. Sub-contracts followed in quick succession, and presently a large office building in Ottawa was taken over by a battalion of economists. The Gordon Commission was like a vast wind-tunnel with the door accidentally left open: it sucked up practically every available economist in the country, and some who were not available. Those who were not appointed to official jobs gladly volunteered their evidence in voluminous briefs, and those who had nothing useful to contribute provided lengthy statements anyway. A mountain of material is piling up, beside which the Report and Appendices of the famous Sirois Commission will look like a small literary digest.

From this somewhat discursive account of the burgeoning of the Gordon Commission, a few relevant principles seem to suggest themselves.

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## Current Comment

### The Death Penalty

This month representatives of the people of Canada caused Wilbert Coffin to be hung by the neck until he was dead. As always the act was terrible and the manner of its doing was a patent of our shame. Furtively, in a walled place, at an hour when most citizens are asleep, a small band of officials supervised the killing on our behalf. The horrifying possibility that an innocent man was being hanged was stronger than usual. The evidence against Coffin was entirely circumstantial. Two Justices of the Supreme Court of Canada had disagreed with the verdict that a new trial was not warranted and Coffin had continued to protest his innocence after all hope was lost. The federal cabinet has been criticized for not exercising clemency or granting a new trial but they are less to blame than the archaic laws which make such decisions necessary. The Coffin case and the recent vote in the British House of Commons against capital punishment emphasize once again the barbarous nature of the death penalty and the probability that humanitarian feeling will prevail in the long run.

In Great Britain the government allowed a free vote on the issue with the result that 37 Conservative M.P.'s voted against the government. Public opinion against the death penalty had been increased by the case of Timothy Evans wherein substantial evidence of innocence had come to light after his hanging. The Coffin case is unlikely to provide so convincing an example of the irrevocable miscarriage of justice. However, the British vote led M. J. Coldwell and John Diefenbaker, two earnest opponents of capital punishment, to question the government about a free vote in our House of Commons. The government ran true to form by answering that the matter could not be considered until the committee studying capital punishment had brought in its recommendations. Nobody familiar with the Liberals' tradition of schoolboy discipline can hold much hope that a free vote will be permitted.

Will the Joint Committee of the Senate and Commons on Capital and Corporal Punishment and Lotteries recommend the abolition of the death penalty? It seems unlikely. Our special committees of parliament have rarely been in the van of enlightened opinion. Following the British vote Mr. Don F. Brown, M.P., joint chairman of the committee, granted an interview on the CBC which may indicate the shape of things to come. While careful not to commit himself on the subject of capital punishment, he emphasized that Canadian problems are different from British problems. After dwelling on such irrelevancies as Canada's greater size and division into ten provinces, he argued that the function of parliament is merely to reflect public opinion, not to lead or create it. If the committee issues a majority report favoring capital punishment they will need a battery of these facile arguments to offset the testimony of the noted penologists and criminologists who appeared before them. The experts produced impressive evidence that the death penalty has no significant effect as a deterrent to murder. If this proposition is accepted there is no case for capital punishment in a democratic society.

### Algeria: The Problem of Non-Existence

M. Mollet returned from Algeria to France with a plan still apparently firm in his mind: to hold two elections there, one

to ensure the delayed return of the thirty Algerian deputies to the National Assembly in Paris; the other for a new unicameral Algerian Assembly to which both Europeans and Muslims will be elected from a single polling list and with more seats for the Muslims than they have been hitherto allowed. In this way Mollet presumably hopes to find *interlocuteurs valables*, Algerians fair and representative enough to discuss its future with the French Cabinet. This is no mean task in the Algerian political arc which runs from the Europeans who would like to keep power by force of arms, through the groups who occasionally talk of a secession movement like the Boer (ignoring their utter economic and military dependence upon France), through the European proletariat who would lose their position of advantage if power changed hands, through the centre groups who can see the need for "equality of rights and powers," to the Arabs who demand uninhibited independence and out to the extremists who inspire the terrorism of these times.

But central to the whole problem, as Herbert Luthy has recently argued, is the fact that Algeria as an entity does not exist. In law, in history, in administrative terms, the entity is no more than an unidentifiable thing that lost itself in France. Issues exist but they are issues of political and economic consequence relating to a part of the French Republic and concerning men who are, by definition, Frenchmen. Tunisia and Morocco have been more than this; they have had delineable frameworks, a culture, a history—recognizable forms. Algeria, by its formlessness, seems more inextricably a part of metropolitan France, and what would elsewhere be rampant nationalism is here made to bear the brand of treachery. When the Constituent Assembly was framing the constitution of the new Republic, the Algerian Party came to press the claims of their country. "Your country," came the answer, "is France! Shut up!"

The warm, human element in French imperialism has always been the premise that in becoming Frenchmen colonials would not only gain equality and fraternity but, in the process, discover a noble disregard for the racial bar. In Algeria, no colony but France itself, the European fights hard for his privilege and the African of Algeria fears more acutely the implications of French citizenship and demands some "national" entity of his own.

What is to be done? The rebellion that marks the land must be quelled. It will only be accomplished in harness with an effective, suitably acceptable political solution. Can this be found? Mollet clearly believes that speedy elections to a reformed Algerian Assembly combined with social and economic aid (and most of the rural populace needs that—and peace) will give him partners to work with. Rejecting the idea of an "Algerian nation" but accepting the presence of an "Algerian personality," a distinction which again underlines this problem of existence, the Prime Minister does not

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appear to have changed his views substantially as a result of his visit. Presumably he still holds the opinion that led him to choose General Catroux as Minister-Resident in Algeria. Shortly before the fierce opposition of the Europeans had charged upon Mollet with cries of "Hang Catroux" and brought about his resignation, the general had written an article in *L' Monde* in which he had agreed that Algeria and France would have to be closely linked, that the government had no intention of making Algeria an independent state, but that this "equality of rights and powers" should be granted to the two racial communities. It was not integration; it was not federalism; it was not independence; but, more than any of this, it was not acceptable to the million Europeans. "Give us back Soustelle," they cried, forgetting perhaps that he had been Mendes-France's nominee, remembering only that he favored the suppression of the Algerian Assembly with its two incompatible blocs and, in its place, called for larger representation in Paris and parity in local government, hoping that a kind of expansive integration would eventually occur.

In spite of the pelting he received and the troops, gendarmerie, security police and Spahis needed to protect him, the likelihood is that Mollet, with the aid of Mendes-France, probably has the best chance, the best opinions (one of the best analyses recently made of the crisis was that of his fellow socialist, Pineau) and a strong will, out of which a solution could come. If he stays in power. One of the grimmest fears of the *colons* is that successive weak French governments mean that Paris puts Algeria down the list of immediate concerns. If Mollet can show the power to stay, the European might grudgingly concede him the power to change. They respect that kind of tenacity. It might be that a refusal to drop Catroux would in the long run have added to that respect. But that long run is fantastically unpredictable.

G. H.

## Sovereign Germany

Whatever the rights and wrongs of the extremely complicated controversy over a continuing German contribution toward the maintenance of NATO's armed forces stationed in Germany until the Federal Republic's own forces reach sizeable proportions, it has served to remind the West of some unpleasant facts of life. In the first place it has made clear that West Germany, granted full sovereign rights by the Treaties of May, 1955, must now be treated as an independent sovereign power. If the Federal Republic does not wish to continue its financial contribution for another year, (in which expenditure on its own military establishment will not be comparable), it cannot be bullied into doing so—unless, and this point is in dispute, the Bonn government committed itself to do so last May. Britain and the United States, the two powers most affected, have thus found themselves in the unpleasant position aptly described by the Englishman in Vickv's cartoon: "As soon as we give you sovereignty you start behaving as if you have it." The assertion that Bonn would refuse further contributions was made by Dr. Fritz Schafer, the sixty-six year old Finance Minister from Bavaria. Schafer is known as an able administrator and a shrewd bargainer rather than as a political leader, although he commands a solid block of about fifty supporters from the south, and has on occasion been mentioned as a possible successor to Adenauer, *saut de mieux*. But his tactless pronouncement has inaugurated German partnership in NATO by arousing anger, and probably fear, among Germany's NATO partners. This is hardly in accord with Adenauer's west-oriented policies; and it suggests a further stage has been reached in the disintegration of the Chancellor's authority which began soon after the electoral victory in September,

1953, especially as it comes at a time when the Free Democrats appear to be making a fresh challenge to the CDU's leadership. If this is so, then the importance of the succession to Adenauer is enhanced. Finally, the controversy has served to confirm that the Federal Republic is not going to be an easy ally. Because of her peculiar position and her special problems, West Germany was bound to add to the stresses and strains within NATO. The rising tide of nationalist resentment at the indefinite prolonging of the division of the country makes it not unnatural that emphasis should be put, by way of compensation, on material considerations. And this merging of economic and nationalist aspirations is probably at the root of the present controversy. There is, however, one compensating aspect. Because of the slowness of German rearmament—the legislation necessary for raising the main forces has not yet been approved — there is a substantial (and growing) hoard in the Federal Republic's coffers. It is difficult to imagine how a finance minister could hope to keep such a secret; and if press reports are accurate, there has been a good deal of criticism of Dr. Schafer's policies and demands for tax reductions. In Germany ministers too often tend to act as paternalistic experts rather than responsible political leaders, and such criticism is a hopeful development for the future of German democracy.

R. A. SPENCER.

## Royal Monkey Business?

Writing up a royal tour must surely be a boring assignment. Royalty are not expected, or indeed permitted, to be very interesting personalities; and protocol requires the newspaperman to confine himself to fatuities about Her Majesty's jewelry or what H.R.H. said to the photographers. He reports the remarks of royal personages much as he would the quaint sayings of his own children, in a tone that betrays his surprise at their rationality.

From press reports of Her Majesty's recent tour of Nigeria one gathers that the Queen was "a dazzling figure", cool while others perspired in the tropical heat. Obviously correspondents could not fill up the whole of their despatches with stuff of this sort. Their gaze wandered—somewhat idly perhaps, because of the heat—over the exotic scene about them. Reports in Britain—and Canada—were lush with poeticalities about crocodile-infested rivers, war canoes, steaming mangrove swamps, hibiscus, frangipani, orchids, flashing scimitars, silk-clad Emirs. Great stuff, no doubt, but not much help to a reader concerned about the implications of this royal jaunt in a nation of nearly thirty-two million souls.

The constitution of the Federation will be reviewed later this year at a conference in London, and it seems clear that the royal tour was timed to influence, however indirectly, the course of the imminent deliberations. There was little in the British or Canadian reports to help one assess the nature or probable extent of such influence. One can only remember that shortly after a "successful" royal tour of South Africa, a rabidly nationalist party came to power.

The correspondents in Nigeria continued to turn in succulent prose about snakes and elephants and haughty sultans, with never a word about sewage disposal or separation of the judicial and executive branches of government. Monroe Johnston of the *Toronto Star* had admonished himself on the eve of the tour: "Nigerians are fiercely antipathetic to emphasis on the ancient and primitive." But a day later he was lotus-eating with the rest of the visitors, sloshing in the local color by the bucketful.

Then on February 13th the Nigerians turned savagely on the foreign press. Chiefs Rotimi and Anthony Enaharo, supported by a notoriously virulent Nigerian press, demanded that the visitors "dwell less on monkeys, lions, elephants and



snakes." The correspondents were hurt. "The entire contretemps", wrote Johnston, "has resulted from the understandable but still juvenile resentment of Nigerians to (sic) stories which don't say what good little boys they are and how fast they are growing up."

Such resentment should be familiar enough at home. American or British correspondents foolhardy enough to mention Mounties or Eskimos or even snow in reports on Canada invite editorial philippics from coast to coast. They are expected to concentrate sternly upon construction projects, the stock exchange, the Stratford Festival and the Toronto subway. The fact is that every nation foolishly longs to be loved for itself alone and not its yellow hair.

In their indignation the visiting pressmen now began to exaggerate the significance of the silly squabble. All the good the Queen had done was being sabotaged by the naughty Nigerians. Newspapermen, like other mortals, tend to overestimate the importance of their chosen calling. They were seeing an international crisis where in fact there was only their own outraged professional pride.

Back in England the Hon. M. T. Mbu, Nigeria's representative, was soothing an angry Fleet Street with discreet flattery: "I think the British press on the whole have done a magnificent job."

He may have been right. But it remains a question whether the magnificent job was the one the occasion demanded. If the Nigerians were unreasonable and hypersensitive, the visiting press correspondents were both lazy and tactless. And it is disquieting to note how easily Canadian correspondents can fall into just that snide superior tone which we are so quick to resent when it is directed against ourselves.

KILDARE R. E. DOBBS.

## Canadian Calendar

● The largest highway program in the history of British Columbia will be undertaken this year to reach untapped natural resources.

● Work of the Royal Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects will be hampered by lack of co-operation from the Quebec Government, Chairman Gordon said in Montreal on Jan. 17.

● In 1955 a total of 109,946 immigrants arrived in Canada, compared to 154,227 in 1954.

● The volume of sales in Canadian department stores reached a new high of \$1,149,949,000 in 1955, marking the third billion-dollar year in succession, an increase of 7.8 per cent over the 1954 volume, and a cumulative improvement of 43 per cent in the last seven years over the 1948 volume of \$803,384,000.

● A surplus of revenue over expenditure of \$56,000,000 was shown by the Federal treasury on the nine months ending Dec. 31, 1955, it was announced at Ottawa on Jan. 27 by Finance Minister Harris.

● On Jan. 26 the Federal Government offered to pay what amounts to 50 per cent of the total cost of a national health insurance scheme.

● Dividend payments by Canadian companies are about 8 per cent higher for January 1956 than for January 1955.

● The fund to establish a permanent theatre at Stratford, Ont., has received a major gift of \$100,000 from the J. P. Bickell Foundation Committee, one of the largest grants made since the foundation began operating after the death of Mr. Bickell, multi-millionaire mining executive in 1951.

● According to an interim report of the Royal Commissioner investigating Vancouver's police force, law enforcement has been lax in the city for many years. The number of crimes reported greatly exceeds the record of other Canadian cities on a per capita basis.

● Prime Minister St. Laurent revealed in the Commons on Feb. 6 that the Government had lifted its temporary embargo on arms shipments to the troubled Middle East.

● A group of businessmen in Owen Sound are trying to raise \$125,000 to found a community art-centre as a memorial to the artist Tom Thomson, who was brought up on a farm at Leith near Owen Sound.

● Three provinces — Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Saskatchewan — have criticized the Federal Government's latest proposals for a tax-sharing deal to replace current tax rental agreements, Prime Minister St. Laurent announced on Jan. 31.

● The Ontario Government announces that the Lakehead Technical Institute at Port Arthur will be expanded to junior college status and will be known as the Lakehead College of Arts, Science and Technology, thus laying the foundation for a future university in Northern Ontario.

● Canadian newsprint production during 1955 reached a record 6,190,647 tons, 3.4 per cent more than in 1954.

● According to the Bureau of Statistics, university enrollment in Canada will have jumped by 1966, from to-day's 65,600 to at least 110,000 and possibly 135,200.

● Canada's best future role is to remain a supplier of raw materials rather than to expand its manufacturing industries, according to R. M. Fowler, president of the Canadian Pulp and Paper Association, who read a 50,000-word submission to the Gordon Economic Commission on Jan. 18.

● Canada is supplying 75 per cent of the aluminum on the international trade market to-day, according to N. V. Davis, president of Aluminum Ltd.

● Construction contract awards for January, 1956, total \$219,030,400, which is \$96,278,700 higher than the figure for January 1955.

● Charges that excessive freight rates on grain are responsible for heavy losses of business to farmers across the country have highlighted the hearings by the Board of Transport Commissioners at Vancouver.

● The 148-day General Motors' strike has been settled.

● The United States will finance and operate alone new radar installation in southern Canada.

● The consumer price index slipped one-tenth of a point during December to 116.8 from November's 116.9, the fifth successive month in which the yardstick of living costs has shown almost no movement.

● The total value of new capital investment in Quebec last year was greater than in Ontario, according to Finance Minister Onesime Gagnon in his budget address to the Legislative Assembly of that province on Feb. 3.

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## The Current "Religious Revival": Is It Genuine?

Emil L. Fackenheim

► UNDOUBTEDLY RELIGION IS experiencing a revival of sorts in North America. Church and synagogue membership increases by leaps and bounds. Religious books keep hitting the best-seller lists. Slick magazines regard theology as newsworthy. And the Gallup poll discovers that 96 per cent of all Americans believe in God. Who would have predicted all this, say, twenty-five years ago? Undoubtedly the facts are remarkable, and they call for an explanation.

To find at least partial explanations is not difficult. Thus one factor in the current return to religion is without doubt this generation's social and political disillusionment. Twenty-five years ago nearly everybody seemed to have faith in man's ability to solve all his important problems; or at least in the ability of one particular man: the social engineer. "Establish social security", everybody seemed to be saying, "and you create the perfect society; and do the same internationally, and you establish peace on earth." But in the age of the cold war peace on earth seems remote indeed. And whatever the powers of the social engineers, among them is no longer included the power to create happiness. The return to religion, then, is at least in part due to this generation's loss of faith in man. It reflects its "failure of nerve".

Another factor which is worth citing is this generation's strange desire for conformity. This, in turn, must at least in part be blamed on the cold war. In an age of conflict such as ours the rebel and non-conformist is viewed by many with suspicion, as being next door to a traitor; and an opinion

need only be "controversial" (i.e., non-platitudinous) to find, in some circles, condemnation. But who wants to be considered next door to a traitor? Happily, most of us can still distinguish between non-conformity and treason; and many are willing to put up with the suspicions of those who cannot. Still, there remains another, and even more significant, source of a desire to conform. In any serious conflict, one feels that the time has come to close ranks. In our conflict with communist ideology, we are tempted to feel that ideological disagreements are a luxury which we cannot afford.

Now religion most admirably answers the need to conform, in both above forms. What better way is there of convincing others—and oneself—of one's respectability than by joining a congregation? And what better banner behind which to rally against the atheist adversary than religion?

Still another factor—this one wholly unrelated to the cold war—is the current move to the suburbs. Big city life atomizes and disintegrates. Suburban life integrates: you want to, and have to, "belong". But the natural way of becoming part of things is by joining the local congregation, and participating in its activities.

There is undoubtedly much truth in all the above explanations; and others could easily be added. The significant thing is that all these explanations interpret the current religious revival in essentially non-religious terms. It reflects a flight from reality, or the need for security, or the wish to belong: it does not reflect a search for God. If explanations such as the above are wholly adequate, then slogans such as "The Family that prays together stays together", or "Religion—Our best Defence", express, not merely the crudest and most unauthentic aspects of the current religious revival, but all there is to it.

At times one feels that this is in fact the case. One feels



this, for example, on reading the sort of religious book which becomes a best-seller. This book does not reveal the bliss of the peace of God, or the agonies of the search for it. Nothing is further from its intention than to turn the ordinary worldly man from his ordinary worldly pursuits. On the contrary, it endeavors to show just how nicely "religion" fits into these ordinary pursuits; how it is the one thing still needed to make these pursuits totally satisfying. If secularism is total satisfaction with worldly pursuits, the religion of the best-seller gives the final stamp of approval to secularism. Far from being religious, therefore, this book is at bottom anti-religious. Marx asserted that religion is an opiate which should be abandoned. The religious best-seller asserts that it is an opiate which should be retained. Of the two assertions, that of Marx would seem closer to the spirit of genuine religion; for it shares at least the latter's concern with ultimate truth.

But it would be a mistake to take the noisy expressions of pseudo-religion too seriously. Presumably the voice of God, in our as in Elijah's time, is a still small voice. And it would be an even graver mistake to take too seriously the kind of explanation to which we have so far referred. It is of the utmost importance to realize the limitations of all explaining of religious phenomena which can be done by the social sciences. It would seem that their very method of explaining implies that it must be done in non-religious terms. They are terms such as "need for security", "wish to belong" or possibly even "religious need". They are not terms such as "search for God", "encounter with God" or "conversion". Consequently, "explaining" here always means "explaining away"; and it is fully legitimate only where there ought to be explaining away, i.e., in the case of the unauthentically religious. No doubt even the most authentic expressions of religious faith are mixed with unauthentic elements, and this is why the social sciences seem to have an unlimited scope in this sphere. Still, any such explaining-away which claimed to be complete could, in the very nature of the case, never prove this claim. It would simply be presupposed by the terms used. To give scientific proof of the absence of religious authenticity is impossible.

But if this is true, how—if at all—can one recognize religious authenticity? Here an important distinction is necessary. To discern with absolute certainty the presence of even a single authentic religious emotion is impossible. Who, searching even his own soul, can be wholly sure that his love of God is really love, or really of God? How then can one be sure of this in the case of another? Or even of a whole generation? Religious thinkers have always recognized that the religious life has ambiguities which no amount of soul-searching can wholly remove. Even of an age long past one cannot say with certainty in what respects its religion was genuine, if indeed it was genuine at all.

To discern with absolute certainty the presence of religious authenticity is thus impossible. But it is possible to ask whether the *concept* of religious authenticity has any meaning, and if so, what this meaning is. *This question involves the concept of human nature.* A naturalistic concept of man implies a negative answer to the first of the above questions, and the denial that the second arises. The naturalistic concept has, of course, been dominant since the Age of Enlightenment. But it has always been challenged. More specifically, it has been challenged by an impressive line of thinkers for a hundred years, beginning with Schelling and Kierkegaard, and leading up to Heidegger, Tillich, Niebuhr and Buber. This challenge has served, among other things, to make theology respectable in the twentieth century.

The concept held by the new anti-naturalists implies that man's religious concern arises, not from accidental conditions which he can remove (ignorance, fear, neurosis, insecurity),

but from his essential human condition. Man, in their view, can transcend himself sufficiently to put himself in question, but not sufficiently to remove what he puts in question. He is finite, yet transcends finitude in that he knows of it. This condition produces the religious quest. And this quest occurs, not in man at his weakest (ignorant, fearful, neurotic man), but in man at his strongest: when he faces up to the ultimate implications of his condition. It is man at his strongest who has authentic religion; man at his weakest has merely its unauthentic counterpart. And presumably all of us are a mixture of strength and weakness.

Whether the proponents of this concept can prove their case against naturalism we cannot here inquire. (It ought to be said in passing, however, that our contemporary proponents of it make powerful statements in its defence; indeed, these statements are perhaps the most telling evidence that there may be a genuine religious revival, after all.) But it ought to be realized that if one adopts their concept of man even only tentatively, as a heuristic principle, one comes to see all current religious phenomena—even the crudest and most unauthentic—in an entirely new light; and one will be less quick to condemn even what is most obviously not genuine. Our generation may be suffering from "failure of nerve"; but who knows whether it is entirely that? Perhaps the collapse of an absolute faith in man has produced, in some, a moment of truth? Religion may be, to many, a mere prop in the conflict with communism: but could not this conflict, in at least some cases, be the occasion for an ultimate religious commitment? And if suburban community life leads people to join religious congregations, is it entirely impossible that the experience of human community has aroused the wish for communion with Someone other than man?

No one can assert with certainty that the current religious revival has genuine aspects. But this will at least be considered possible by those who believe, with Schelling, that man is a "God-seeking animal"; or, with St. Augustine, a being restless until he rests in God.

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# Our Changing Energy Economy

John Dales

► OUR ENERGY ARRANGEMENTS, which for the past quarter century have displayed fairly stable patterns of production and consumption, are likely to undergo several changes during the next few decades. The past and present are easily sketched. Of the great number of energy transformations that are physically possible—the permutations that one can get from harnessing several *sources* of energy (mainly coal, oil, gas, and falling water) to produce several *forms* of energy (mainly heat, steam pressure, light and electricity) to provide for several *uses* of energy (heating, lighting, tractive power and motive power)—only a few have satisfied both the engineer's requirement for practicability, the provision of usable power in large amounts, and the economist's requirement, profitability. Thus, broadly speaking, and working backward from the markets to the sources, we have satisfied our industrial heating requirements by burning coal, and a little oil and gas (mainly manufactured from coal); our urban space heating requirements by burning coal or oil, and a little gas; our tractive power needs again by burning coal or oil, and by exploding oil products in internal combustion engines; and our lighting and motive power markets almost exclusively by electricity, produced mainly from the energy of falling water, but also, in part, by utilizing steam pressure raised by—we must write the words once more—burning coal, and a little oil.

The changes that are expected to occur in this energy economy arise, in part, from new and developing technology, but, more immediately, from the old economic squeeze-play of scarce resources on the one hand and increasing demands on the other. As to increasing demands for energy, we take this factor, quite simply, as an article of faith. The close correlation between past increases in national output and increases in energy consumption has often been noted: and would anyone be so ungracious as to question Progress? But when it comes to quantifying our faith we confess great diffidence—even cowardice. We are afraid that we could do no better at this game of "future statistics" than the Ontario Hydro, which at the beginning of 1955 forecast an increase of 6-7 per cent in the demand for its electricity and at the end of the year noted, with mixed feelings, that the increase had been some 14 per cent. Here then, we shall base our discussion of Canada's energy future on the somewhat firmer ground of probable technological and economic trends. It will be convenient to approach these probabilities by way of comment on the outlook for different energy *sources*.

First, then, coal. Until 50 years ago energy *meant* coal, for all practical purposes, and although, as we all know, coal's relative importance in our energy supply has been falling with the rise of petroleum and water-power in this century, coal is still the world's greatest single source of energy. In Canada, though, coal has just lately been dethroned as our major energy source. Thirty years ago it provided about 70 per cent of our energy; as recently as 1951 it was still in first place, providing about 40 per cent of our requirements; but, since then, it has been overtaken by water power, an almost insignificant source of energy for the world as a whole. Coal has two great virtues: it is an all-purpose energy source as the outline in our first paragraph makes clear, and it is available in enormous quantities, its resource-life being measured in centuries. But despite these strengths coal is on the defensive and for some time to come will probably continue to give ground to its rivals. In Canada the coal-mining industry

is sick and gives every indication of becoming even sicker. In Nova Scotia, Mr. Forsyth hopes against hope that two technological changes, a new coal-burning furnace which is being demonstrated in Nova Scotia, and the McGill coal-fired turbine which is designed to render the diesel locomotive obsolete, will stem the tide; but at the moment the former promises to be too little and the latter too late. In Alberta, where coal mines, especially in the Foothill region, have been hit particularly hard by the diesel engine, hope is even weaker. It has been suggested that coal could be used in large quantities to generate electricity at the coal mines for the power-hungry section of the United States just south of the border, but, quite apart from the reversal in Canadian policy on the export of electricity which this would imply, it seems unlikely that, with mounting gas reserves in the province, coal will be able to undersell gas for this purpose. On the consumption side, one market for coal that seems certain to increase significantly is that for the generation of electricity in Ontario—but that will be American coal, of course, and will give no succor to Alberta or Nova Scotia. The market for general industrial heating will probably grow too, though here the increase in the market resulting from a growth of industry will probably be offset, as it has been in the past, by economies in the use of coal, and perhaps also by a slow encroachment of electricity on the market for industrial heat. On the whole it seems likely that the rehabilitation of coal to something like its past grandeur will have to wait that dim, distant (probably very distant) future when petroleum supplies have been so depleted that it will be economic to extract our gasoline and fuel oil from those billions and billions of tons of coal that at present merely serve to assure us that our civilization will not fall from any deficiency in energy sources.

Oil and natural gas, though they are frequently associated in Nature, are quite different propositions from the point of view of the market. The main market for oil has been the internal combustion engine, the main use for which has, in turn, been found in transportation: the jet engine, of course, doesn't change aviation's dependence on petroleum, while the diesel locomotive makes the dependence of all forms of transport on petroleum virtually complete. Technically, oil is a substitute for coal for all heating purposes, the actual choice between the two depending mainly on price. So far, however, the use of oil for heating has been mainly in the high-value market for residential space heating, and oil has made few inroads on coal in the much larger market for industrial heat. There is nothing on the horizon to indicate a change in these arrangements: to expect that oil would become a serious competitor to coal for industrial heat would be to expect future oil production greatly to exceed future oil consumption in its present markets, and with our proclivity to move both our goods and ourselves around the surface of the globe that is hardly likely.

Natural gas, on the other hand, is a major threat to coal, and will in addition likely give oil and electricity strong competition in the markets for space heating and domestic cooking (and water heating) respectively. Gas may indeed be considered the paragon of fuels. Some indications of its virtues were suggested by accounts of how operations at a brick factory near Toronto were affected by a recent switch from coal to gas. Labor requirements for firing the kilns were drastically reduced; output per day was considerably increased (thus, perhaps, increasing the demand for other types of labor in the industry); the quality of the product was significantly improved, owing to better temperature control; and the amenities of the area in the neighbourhood of the plant were greatly enhanced. If the political barriers to the marketing of natural gas in Central Canada can be overcome,



and if its price is right, the prospect is that both "ifs" will be satisfied in the foreseeable, if not the immediate future,—the outlook for coal becomes even gloomier.

Hydro-electric power, we all learned in grade school, has been the making of Canada. Its great virtues, we were told, were that it was cheap and limitless. Alas, the textbooks in most Canadian provinces will have to be re-written. Only in Quebec and British Columbia will the old slogans continue to serve for another generation. Quebec still has vast powers at Lachine and on the Bersimis, Manicouagan, and Hamilton rivers; British Columbia can look forward to the harnessing of the Fraser—supplemented, it could be, by the waters of the Canadian part of the Columbia!—and of mammoth powers along its northern coast. In all the other provinces steam-generated electricity is expected to take over a larger and larger part of electrical production from now on. In Ontario, we cannot even wait for St. Lawrence power, but must needs expand steam station capacity at Toronto and Hamilton immediately. And St. Lawrence power is expected to be gobbled up almost as soon as it is available. By 1970, we are told, Ontario will get less than half its kilowatts from water power. Limitless, indeed! Why does the Dominion Bureau of Statistics persist in telling us that we have only developed a little more than a quarter of our water power? Why doesn't it publish its water resources data on a drainage basin basis so that we could calculate our own percentages on a regional basis? One thing is certain, and that is that a good 50 percent or more of the DBS water resources must be located a long, long, way from demand centres. Economical transmission over distances of 500 to 1000 miles would no doubt turn the DBS resources into real resources, but a technology that would make such transmissions feasible has been talked up for a good thirty years now and no economically feasible solution to the problem is yet in sight. It looks now as if the solution will be rendered unnecessary by atomic power.

From the general trend of discussion, informed and otherwise, we are led to believe that atomic power will be an economical source of electricity within ten to fifteen years—economical, mind you, with respect to the cost of generating electricity *then*, not by comparison with our cheap electricity of the past when water resources were limitless. Power-short areas, such as Great Britain and Ontario, are naturally pushing most resolutely toward atomic electricity. American engineers claim that the early plants will be obsolete before they are in operation, and that the United States is therefore wise to wait for the later models. We can only hope that, being forced to be pioneers, we won't have to pay too heavily.

Beyond atomic electricity lies atomic heating. And beyond that again, solar heating, solar electricity, and thermonuclear energy. A solar furnace is already in operation in France, and one small rural telephone system in the United States has recently been powered by electricity produced directly from the sun. The handwriting, however faint, is on the wall.

What does it all add up to? Another article would be needed to assess the probabilities and possibilities of the prospective changes in our energy economy. But here is some food for thought. It appears that the most probable shifts in our energy arrangements will have very little obvious effect on our way of life. Do you really care whether your vacuum cleaner is powered by falling water, coal, gas, or frenzied atoms? Or whether the heat used in manufacturing vacuum cleaners derives from natural gas or coal? Or whether your house is heated by gas or oil? You do care, of course, about the efficiency of the Canadian economy because that affects your standard of living, and this consideration raises the problem of the less obvious effects of prospective energy changes on our manufacturing costs. To tackle this problem you must balance a probable

increase in the cost of our electricity (an almost certain increase in Ontario) against a probable improvement in efficiency resulting from a substitution of natural gas for coal. Since *where* you work is also a matter of some importance to you, you must think, too, about the possible effects of our changing energy economy on the geography of industry. Will natural gas mean the industrialization of the Prairies? And will atomic power—since a pound of atoms packs the power of about twelve million tons of coal—mean that you can develop industry anywhere? These questions, I think, can even now be subjected to a reasoned investigation, though the answers to them are by no means clear. But when we move from the probable to the possible and begin to think of solar or thermonuclear energy, we move from the realm of analysis to the realm of dreams.

## The Old Chieftain

Frederick W. Gibson

► "YOU'LL NEVER DIE, JOHN A." These words were first uttered by an unknown admirer in the midst of one of the last political meetings to be addressed by Sir John A. Macdonald. Macdonald was carried to his grave over fifty years ago, but the prophecy was a true one, or rather it has come true by degrees. For "John A." lived on, the flavor of his personality preserved in a thousand warm and robust anecdotes, and the magnitude of his achievements and mistakes woven into the fabric of the Canadian nation and eternally applauded and deplored by succeeding generations of rival politicians. Under these mixed attentions "John A." entered into legend, becoming one of the great folk-figures of Canadian history and existing in the minds of latter generations principally as a symbol—a symbol of Confederation, of sea-to-sea expansion and of the Conservative party at the apex of its power. From the mists of folk-lore and the arena of party warfare the efforts of Macdonald's early biographers never wholly rescued him. Not until recently did he come to life again as a believable human being and as a leader of men. That he has now done so is due to the meticulous scholarship and biographical artistry of his latest biographer, Professor Donald Creighton of the University of Toronto.

Professor Creighton's first major contribution to the recreation of Macdonald was presented to the public in 1952 in the first instalment of what was announced to be a two-volume biography. The first volume, entitled *John A. Macdonald: The Young Politician*, demonstrated to a wide public that Macdonald has at last found his biographer, and the second volume\* has been awaited with great expectations. The second volume, entitled *John A. Macdonald: The Old Chieftain*, has now been published and the expectations are handsomely fulfilled. For the first time everything that is known about Macdonald as a private individual and as a public man has been scrupulously examined by a master-historian and woven together by a biographer of warm sympathies and uncommon literary gifts into an intensely intimate, moving and exciting story which cannot fail to be absorbing both to the specialists and to a much larger popular audience within and beyond the boundaries of Canada. There is no doubt, at least to this reviewer, that *The Young Politician* and *The Old Chieftain*, taken together, are the finest biography in print about a Canadian or by a Canadian. They will stand as the definitive and most attractive study of their most attractive subject for a long time to come. The culmination of Professor Creighton's task is thus an event of outstanding importance in Canadian letters.

\*JOHN A. MACDONALD; THE OLD CHIEFTAIN: By Donald Creighton; Toronto; The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited; 1955; pp. ix + 630; \$5.75.

Macdonald was, of course, a professional politician, and an extraordinarily successful one at that, and Professor Creighton is primarily concerned to reveal the man in the practice of his profession. How did he behave as a politician, and what did he do for the Canadian community he led? The answers to these questions supply a common theme for Professor Creighton's two volumes. In *The Young Politician*, the reader was guided skilfully from the Kingston law office where Macdonald's career began, through the morass of the politics of the province of Canada on to his leadership of the Conservative party and to the first great pinnacle of his career—the achievement of Confederation. But Confederation, as such, offered no final solution, no permanent resting place either for the new Dominion or for its leading father. If anything, it raised more problems than it settled and Macdonald as its first Prime Minister found them staring him in the face. The federation of four provinces was only a fragment of British North America, and, as Macdonald said at the time, it would be a long time before the gristle hardened into bone. Meanwhile the Dominion might fall apart through internal division or be torn apart by its infinitely more powerful neighbour to the south. Nova Scotia was mutinously secessionist, the North-West Territories lay open to the advancing American frontier, and British Columbia remained locked in an even more remote mountain fastness of its own. Above all there loomed the restless, unpredictable—and therefore all the more frightening—American giant. Was there any chance that Canada could survive? The four provinces had been made into a Dominion, largely due to Macdonald's efforts, but could he, or anyone else, make the Dominion into a nation capable of standing on its own?

This was the fundamental problem and it occupied Macdonald for the rest of his life. His response to it, as Prime Minister for all but four of the years between 1867 and his death in 1891, is the substance of *The Old Chieftain*. Professor Creighton makes it perfectly clear just where the Conservative response under Macdonald's leadership differed from that of the Liberal party under Mackenzie and Blake, and why John A. succeeded where his rivals failed. The explanation is that he, and he alone, possessed both the vision to see what Canada could become, and the political capacity to devise a programme of practical policies capable of bringing the vision to fulfilment, and capable, as well, of mustering the essential measure of popular support. He saw the Canada of the future as a great transcontinental nation within an alliance of British nations. His programme, cautiously and pragmatically pieced together with a vigilant eye on what the voters would and would not stand for, was an imaginative blend of territorial expansion, economic nationalism, and close political association with Great Britain. On the political side, territorial expansion would bring all of British North America into one great federal union bound together by a railway from coast to coast. On the economic side, the programme called for energetic leadership by the federal government in a set of developmental policies to build "a Canadian economy for the benefit of Canadians." The most important economic policies were vigorous immigration to populate the north-west with farmers, a protective tariff to encourage manufacturing in the east, and a Pacific railway to link the two in an interdependent national economy. The railway was the keystone in the structure of nation-building and until it could be completed the Dominion was particularly vulnerable to American invasion or attraction. It was at this point that Macdonald's external policies reinforced the national edifice which his domestic policies were slowly erecting. "His deepest conviction", so Professor Creighton tells us, was that "the only effective means of ensuring Canada's survival as a separate nation was the maintenance of a united front by Great Britain and the whole

of British North America against the United States." Canada needed not only military and diplomatic support from Britain, but immigrants and capital as well. The British alliance was the great *desideratum* of Macdonald's external policy. It made him more willing than he would otherwise have been to put up with the tendency of British diplomatists to surrender immediate Canadian interests, like the Maritime fisheries, to the cause of Anglo-American peace, and it seriously qualified his disposition to throw off the remaining shackles of colonialism and assert Canada's national position vis-à-vis Great Britain. Macdonald thus appears in Professor Creighton's view as a great Canadian nationalist whose nationalism found fullest expression in his use of federal powers for territorial expansion and economic development and whose political nationalism was necessarily tempered by his profound sensitivity to the British connection as the only guarantee of Canadian survival in North America.

This, then, was Macdonald's bold and imaginative design for building up Canada as a nation. The programme of policies which gave substance to it did not spring fully-formed from his mind in one flash of creative insight like Minerva from the brow of Jove. Instead, it was, as Professor Creighton reveals, the product of years of stitching and unstitching, of an endless search for positive and popular policies which would hold together the alliance of groups on which his party was based and carry them forward toward the larger objective. In a broad sense he knew where he was going even before Confederation, but the developmental policies were not fully formulated until 1878 and the whole plan was not in operation until the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1885. Nor did the plan gracefully unfold itself in serene and ordered majesty before a reverent populace. Progress from conception to fulfilment was hard and uneven, every inch of the way was stubbornly contested, and Macdonald found his movements clouded by all the frustrations, disappointments and blunders which commonly befall those who have to make decisions in the dust and heat of democratic politics. Nowhere is this atmosphere more faithfully reproduced than in the thrilling chapters on the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway; and nowhere does the stature of Macdonald as a leader achieve more impressive proportions.

The tragedy of the Liberal party lay in the fact that for a quarter century after Confederation its leaders could never match either the boldness of Macdonald's design or the realism and popular appeal of his policies. Professor Creighton does not attempt an exhaustive analysis of the Mackenzie administration, and his treatment of it leaves the impression that it was an awkward hiatus in the long upward march of Conservative governments. These four years of Liberal rule are viewed primarily through the eyes of Macdonald who is to be found resting in the shade of opposition, licking his wounds and encouraging his enemies to hang themselves on the scaffold of the current economic depression. Yet Professor Creighton has some pretty severe things to say about the Liberal leaders, and it is hard to quarrel with his contention that they were "fundamentally unprepared" for the responsibilities of federal office. Badly divided by personal and sectional rivalries, tainted with anti-clericalism in the eyes of Quebec voters, the Liberal party was not so much a national party "as a loose association of separatist groups, of passionately independent individualists, who combined only with difficulty and usually at the tense moments of assault." Liberals could agree that Macdonald's design was over-ambitious and his methods distasteful, but they could not devise any widely acceptable alternatives of their own. The best they could do by way of positive policies was to press for a further relaxation of the political ties of empire and for freer trade policies especially with relation

to the United States, a combination of political nationalism and economic internationalism which left them exceedingly vulnerable, as Macdonald was able to demonstrate with great effect, to the damaging charge of being anti-British and pro-American. Not until the Liberals found in Laurier a leader who could make their party respectable in Quebec and who was prepared ultimately to say "me too" to the Macdonald developmental policies, did they rise to the level of effective national leadership. Unfortunately, Professor Creighton in his admiration of the Macdonald programme and his impatience with a *who* obstructed it shows a marked tendency to lump the Liberals together with all Macdonald's other enemies in one vast conspiracy of scoundrels. Wrong-headed, parochial and doctrinaire the Liberals often were, but villains they were not, at least not on the basis of the evidence adduced, and Professor Creighton, in creating the impression that they were, is over-playing a hand already crowded with high cards.

In the end, the nemesis of the Conservative party was not the greater attractiveness of Liberal policies, but the consequences of Macdonald's own blunders and successes. Professor Creighton's account of the Pacific Scandal which gave the Liberals their brief interlude of office makes no attempt to exculpate Macdonald, but it distributes the blame among several leading Conservatives, notably Cartier, and it is scarcely less severe on the Liberals for their purchase and use of stolen goods in the form of the telegrams which incriminated Macdonald. Far more corrosive in their long-term effects on the Conservative position were the wave of provincial discontent stirred up by the vigour of Macdonald's federal leadership and the rising tide of cultural and religious passions powerfully stimulated by his decision that Louis Riel must be executed. Yet so long as Macdonald lived, the Conservative party was able to breast these forces and hang on to power for a final decade after the completion of the C.P.R. The reasons for the Conservative victory in the 1891 election are fairly well known, but the same cannot be said for the victory of 1887, especially in Quebec, and Professor Creighton's account does not make it much clearer. Indeed, one would have liked a more complete analysis throughout of Macdonald's relations with his French Canadian colleagues and supporters, particularly in the Riel crisis.

Perhaps the main reason why *The Old Chieftain* rises so high above the level of the average political biography is because the central figure steps forth so vividly out of the tumult of his times. Professor Creighton establishes a remarkable intimacy between his subject and the reader who, as he moves from page to page, cannot escape the feeling that he is sharing the whole range of Macdonald's experience of life to the utmost extent that it is possible to do so vicariously. This effect of startling immediacy is the fruit of the author's deep feelings, exhaustive scholarship and literary powers, but, in the opinion of this reviewer, it could have been achieved just as successfully without resorting, as the author occasionally does, to the dangerous device of presuming to tell the reader precisely what Macdonald was thinking or feeling at a particular moment of time. With this qualification, the portrait of Macdonald is altogether convincing. His methods of leadership are treated as the natural expression of the kind of man he was, and Professor Creighton has too much respect for the truth and for Macdonald to present him as a paragon of public and private virtues. Macdonald's statesmanlike combination of farsighted ends and opportunistic means, his sensitivity to the currents of public opinion and ingenuity in finding areas of agreement, his judicious timing of bold action and evasive delay, his skill in dividing his enemies, his avoidance of extremes, and "his refusal to be betrayed into a temporary triumph or a tem-

porary revenge"—all these marks of effective leadership are disclosed as manifestations of a man whose public conduct is also seen to have exhibited excessive procrastination, sharp practice, bouts of self-indulgence, an overly generous tolerance of wrong-doing and incompetence, and a disposition to do too many things himself. What emerges is the portrait of a whole man, "warts and all", a mortal being at once frail and robust and intensely attractive.

In assessing Macdonald as a party leader, Professor Creighton concludes that his greatest failure was the failure to provide himself with adequate help at the ministerial level. This could have lightened his own load and eased the way for a smooth and stable succession to the leadership. Instead, Macdonald never succeeded in ruthlessly retiring aging and mediocre colleagues or in recruiting promising younger men. The main exception was the appointment of John Thompson, but not even this powerful recruit can overcome the impression that the Macdonald government remained to the end very much a one-man show. Macdonald even felt it necessary at the age of 74 to take on the added burden of the Department of Railways and Canals. The Conservative party reaped the harvest of overconcentration of authority after the master's hand was removed by death.

These observations raise the question of why Macdonald never retired and the further question of how he stood the strain of final responsibility as long as he did. Several answers are suggested. The most penetrating one would appear to be that Macdonald was essentially the creative artist in politics. "Politics was his profession", says Professor Creighton. "He had brought to it great natural gifts; he had developed them through a lifetime of experience; and there was no honourable occupation of retirement or semi-retirement which he would willingly accept in exchange for the task to which he had given his life." Macdonald knew he could lead the Conservative party and the Canadian people better than he could do anything else, and, what is just as important, he knew he could do these things better than anyone else. The knowledge gave continuing purpose to his life, it gave him a sense of historic role, and it extended his powers to their limits. This supplies the key to a good many riddles. It resolves the paradox represented by Macdonald's repeated professions of a desire to retire in the face of old age and bad health and by the simple fact that nothing short of death could pry his hand from the wheel. It suggests too that he preferred to retain the aging mediocrities who would leave him free to sail the ship rather than bring in a more energetic crew whose ambition and inexperience might rock the boat. This in turn helps to explain why the Conservative party in its twenty-five years of power failed to attract continuously the kind of galaxy of younger talent on which a party must depend for a renewal of its powers of leadership. The final tragedy of Macdonald is the tragedy of every great artist or professional: his art and skill were proof against everything but death.

In *The Old Chieftain*, as in *The Young Politician*, Professor Creighton has risen to the great theme of a great man. Both John A. and his biographer will long stand in the front rank of their respective professions.

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## Goldwin Smith: Journalist and Critic

Elisabeth Wallace

► GOLDWIN SMITH SETTLED in Toronto in 1871 at the age of forty-seven, when his opinions on most subjects had long been formed. Never distinguished for flexibility of mind, he became, like most men as they grow older, progressively less receptive to new ideas. His prejudices were strong, his judgments often ill-considered, and his misunderstanding of nascent Canadian nationalism almost complete. It was inevitable that his hatred of imperialism and war, and his belief that Canada was destined to join the United States should conflict with local opinion. Insult was added to injury when his heretical ideas were brilliantly expounded to the world from the Grange, the ancestral home of the Family Compact. Toronto in the eighteen-seventies was a conservative centre of United Empire Loyalism and Ulster Orangeism. A less propitious environment for "the last of the Philosophical Radicals" could scarcely be imagined.

Within three years of his arrival he was telling an English audience that he was "now a Canadian"; sometimes he even described himself as a colonist, but his new compatriots never so regarded him, and for the most part neither did he. To the end of his days he remained an Englishman who observed the vagaries of colonial society and politics with detached aloofness. Yet he liked to call himself a Canadian journalist, contributed more than anyone else to the development of Canadian letters, and attacked social problems in Toronto with constructive ideas half a century in advance of his times. He adopted Canada far more wholeheartedly than Canadians ever adopted him. Yet even Toronto Tories could neither minimize nor ignore Goldwin Smith's intellectual distinction. No one in Canada before or since his day wrote like him. English friends such as Matthew Arnold and John Morley and James Bryce, who knew what good English was, placed him among the foremost prose writers of the Victorian age. When incautious admirers asked how he achieved his style, he replied carelessly: "I simply wait for the mud to settle."

During the last three decades of the nineteenth century the best periodicals in English-speaking Canada were the *Canadian Monthly*, the *Canadian Magazine*, the *Nation*, the *Bystander*, the *Week*, and the *Weekly Sun*. Their modern reader is immediately struck by the decline in Canadian journalism during the past fifty years. To Goldwin Smith all these papers owed much. He helped to launch the *Canadian Monthly*, was one of the moving spirits behind the *Nation*, became part proprietor as well as founder of the *Week*, and owned a controlling interest in the *Weekly Sun*, to which he contributed a regular column. All set standards of taste and intelligence, and provided openings for struggling young writers when few such opportunities were available in Canada. The *Bystander*, first a monthly and later a quarterly, was Goldwin Smith's periodical in a special sense: he himself wrote every word of its sixty-odd pages. Amid all these contributions to Canadian journalism he found time to write histories, biographies, and miscellaneous pamphlets, to publish verse translations from the classics, and to send to some two hundred British and American journals a constant stream of articles and letters. Few significant issues in politics, economics, religion, or literature failed to interest him. His incisive analysis of current events and penetrating reviews of current books shone out conspicuously in the

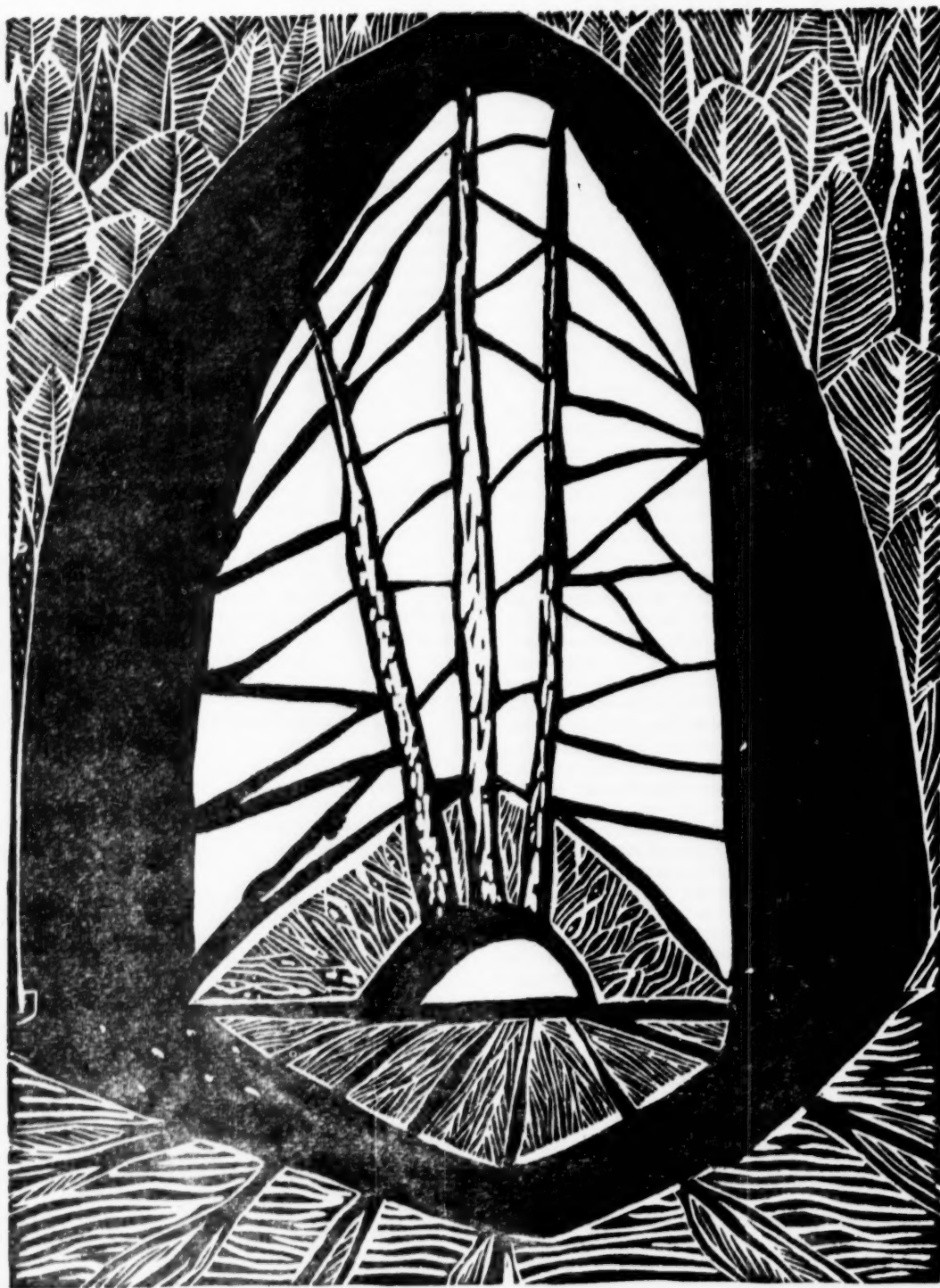
ablest British periodicals. In papers like the farmers' *Weekly Sun*, which circulated in rural Ontario, they contrasted oddly with advertisements for chicken feed and advice on pruning fruit trees.

When Goldwin Smith first settled in Toronto, independent journalism was almost unknown in Canada. Most of the newspapers were avowedly partisan and many of them bitterly bigoted. Few journalists and fewer editors had a real sense of public responsibility. His arrival inaugurated a new era, for his independence and superb style set standards previously unknown in this country and roused healthy emulation. His conception of the journalist's calling did much to raise the status of a profession which in Canada had hitherto been popularly considered the last resort of incompetents. An enthusiastic member of the Canadian Press Association, he won the open admiration even of publicists who profoundly disagreed with his views. When he died in 1910 uncompromising political partisanship had become relatively rare in Canadian newspapers.

Goldwin Smith brought with him to Canada the distinguished traditions of British liberalism. He had already established a reputation in England as the advocate of university reform, the separation of church and state, an extended franchise, colonial emancipation, and just treatment for colored peoples. His picture of Great Britain surrounded by independent daughter nations, free from political subservience, but linked to the mother-country by ties of affection, political tradition, and literary heritage, foreshadowed the modern Commonwealth but awakened little sympathetic understanding among his contemporaries. Even less popular in Canada was his vision of what he called Anglo-Saxonry, the rapprochement of the English-speaking peoples of the world, including those of the United States. American hostility to Britain, born of violent revolution, he thought one of the most unfortunate accidents of history. With such views, considered radical by many Englishmen of the day, Goldwin Smith arrived in Canada. It was not surprising that for years he was the most unpopular man in Toronto and one of the most unpopular in the country. In the end, however, Canadians came to appreciate his courage and integrity, his passion for justice, and his incomparable journalism. Many disagreed with his ideas and resented his candid criticism, but no one questioned his ability or his complete disinterestedness.

Although nominally Liberal, he had little use for parties, even in England, where they were divided on issues of principle. When such issues were absent, as in Canada, he thought parties pernicious, and with generous impartiality attacked Conservatives and Liberals alike. As a moderate free-trader and an austere puritan he disliked Macdonald's National Policy and deplored his government's corruption. As a believer in independent journalism he detested George Brown's intolerant control of the Liberal press. Naturally he antagonized both men, and his influence on public affairs was the less, despite his desire to shape opinion and hence the course of events. At a time when the two old parties virtually monopolized the national political scene, Goldwin Smith served as a one-man third party. His ready pen attacked abuses, pricked complacency, and liberalized Canadian thought. Thus he illustrated his own belief that publicists might play a no less important role than parliaments. His passionately held opinions often appeared to be those of one crying in the wilderness, as literally and metaphorically he was. Yet though his influence on Canadian policy was slight, on Canadian journalism it was supreme. Goldwin Smith admittedly underestimated Canada's growing spirit of nationality, but the stimulus he gave its intellectual life helped to transform the country from a colony into a nation.

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THE HEART OF THE FOREST (Linocut)—FRAN JONES

# The Inconclusive Island

Cyril Benton

► KATE GREENAWAY and I were the only English-speaking passengers on the plane, and we got to know each other quickly. She was returning home to Bermuda and I was breaking my journey there on my way to a conference in the States. Her father had held an ill-defined government job before he died at the outbreak of war, and she lived with her mother and brother. She had been to school in England before the war and had just spent a holiday with friends on the Mediterranean, where I had also been on holiday. So much was established between Lisbon and Santa Maria, where the struggle to get a drink in the refreshment bar precluded further exchanges. The conversation broadened when we were back on the plane and continued in low murmurs after the lights were dimmed and the rest of the passengers were asleep. We must have slept too, for many hours had passed before the clatter of cups announced the serving of hot coffee. We looked through the window. The moon was shining brightly over the endless expanse of cotton wool clouds, and the North Star was where it should be: always a comfort to one who has once caught sight of it, after a trying flight, in a most unusual position.

The shadows in the surface of the clouds became darker and wider, and then deep crevasses appeared; we were descending through one of them. "Fasten safety belts," the sign said. A few bumps, and we were through the floor of clouds; smooth landing and a short delay while our bags were carried in; customs and immigration in record time. I turned as I closed my bag and saw Kate kissing a youth who was obviously her brother.

"Bill, this is Cyril Benton, on his way to the States. He knows Peter Pinfold, and he's going to stay with us for a few days."

"Splendid! How are you? Hope you had a good trip."

The bags were put in the back of his car and Kate sat between us in the front seat. They pointed out landmarks to me and explained how all the cedar trees had died; but soon they were chatting about people I did not know. The white roofs looked in the moonlight as if they consisted of a thick layer of *Papier mâché* crowning the white or pinkish buildings, making them appear like doll's houses on a large scale. The stark and fantastic shapes of the dead trees added to the sense of unreality, so that the shrubs and living trees also seemed artificial, and I had a curious sensation of travelling through a Disney fantasy. At any moment a dwarf might appear on the scene. The first blush of dawn appeared as we turned into a courtyard, stopped before a door and carried our bags into the hall.

"Here we are," said Kate. "I suppose the pink room is made up? We'd better put Cyril in there."

"Yes, Mother was playing about with linen and towels this evening in case, she said, you had picked someone up on the way—if you know what I mean," he added, with a smile at me. "I'll show the way, unless you want a drink or anything."

"No, thanks."

"My room's down here, so you go on with Bill. Get up whatever time you wish, and if no one is about make yourself comfortable. No ceremony here. Good night, or morning."

Bill took my two bags and I followed with a small case. He showed me into my room, put the bags down, opened the bathroom door and a wardrobe.

"Everything looks all right. Goodbye; see you at lunch, I expect."

Left to myself, I looked around the room. The walls and

bedcover were pink, and pink predominated in the thick carpet, the curtains and the chair covers, but the shades of the lamps at the mirror, and beside the bed and the chair were yellow. All very feminine, but not quite successful. Who chose them, I wondered as I was falling asleep.

It was half past ten when I woke. I pulled aside the curtains and looked through the screened window. An extensive lawn, broken by palms and flowering shrubs, led down to the water's edge. A negro gardener with a broad sunhat was working in leisurely fashion, uprooting the reddish stump of a dead cedar. I got downstairs just as a large grandfather's clock was striking eleven. A colored maid caught sight of me and took me to a small room where she quickly produced fruit, toast and coffee.

"Mrs. Greenaway will be back very soon," she said, "and Miss Kate has just had breakfast, and has gone to see a friend."

I was finishing my coffee when a plump and placid woman came in.

"How are you, Cyril? I'm glad to see you. I hope everything is all right?"

"Indeed, yes, Mrs. Greenaway. It's most kind of you; I hope I'm not causing you any inconvenience."

"None at all; always delighted to have visitors. But you can't wear those clothes, you'll be most uncomfortable. Shorts and a shirt: that's all you need; and no shoes or socks, unless your feet are tender."

She pushed her foot out to show that hers were not, and I dutifully returned to my room to dress in the fashion. When I came down again, she showed me the garden; the variety of flowering trees and shrubs surprised me, but she assured me that the garden was much prettier in the spring when the bulbs were in flower. Through an archway of bougainvillea was a large area surrounded by casuarinas, where oranges, limes, bananas and pawpaws were in fruit.

After a buffet lunch, Kate and I sat in the checkered shade of a palm, looking across the water to small islands that dotted the entrance to the harbor. The "Queen of Bermuda" came round the headland and Kate got up to wave to the friends she had visited in the morning, now on their way to New York. After a time Bill came to say that it was time for a swim; while we were in the water Mrs. Greenaway came and dived in, showing more vigour than I had expected. We flopped in and out of the water until it was time to get ready for dinner, which meant a shower, and trousers instead of shorts. Shortly after I got down, a young girl and her father arrived, followed by what I took to be an engaged couple.

"This is Cyril Benton; he knows Peter Pinfold."

This seemed likely to be a permanent form of introduction, and in reply to a question I said that I had known him at school.

"We called him 'Go softly'."

"That describes him perfectly," they all agreed, and Kate added, with a knowing smile at me, "And it fits in with his initials."

In the usual way, we sought for other mutual acquaintances, but ineffectively, and the conversation turned to local gossip. After two rounds of drinks, an excellent dinner was served at a table on the lawn. Then we split up into couples, and I had Kate to myself for the rest of the evening.

About ten o'clock next morning, she and I drove off to Coral Beach, changed in the Club, and went down to the sands. The tide was low, and magnificent pink sand stretched out on each side. Beyond the break of the waves, the sea was calm and clear; jade green, made opalescent by the reflection of the brilliant sun from the coral beneath, while in the distance the color changed to a mediterranean blue. We lay on the sand talking; some of her friends stopped for a few



minutes on their way past, and I noticed for the second time that her conversation, which I found intelligent when we were alone, became vapid.

"What do you do here?" I asked when we were again alone. "I mean when you aren't being kind to lonely travellers."

"Well, I did think of taking a job, but it's hot in the summer, as you can guess, and I like to be free to take a holiday when I feel like it. Mother and I always go to New York twice a year, and sometimes a longer trip. There always seems plenty to do, looking after my room and things. In the afternoons I often play tennis or come swimming, and there are parties in the hotels or at friends' several times a week. And we have a theatre, you know, although there's nothing on just now unfortunately. Shall we take a swim?"

Shortly after one o'clock we climbed up the steps on the face of the rock to the balcony of the Club, and sat in the shade of a bright umbrella. We ordered sandwiches and drinks, and talked with several groups of people. As the last group was moving away one of the girls turned to me.

"I hope you will come along this evening."

I turned to Kate, who was looking puzzled.

"Have you got a party or something?"

"But surely you haven't forgotten! It's Aunt Susie's birthday."

"Oh, good gracious! We'd entirely forgotten, what with my coming back only yesterday. Yes, of course we shall all come. I must telephone to Mother immediately, and I shall have to buy something on my way home. What a blessing we met you! Don't say a word to Aunt Susie."

Aunt Susie—I never discovered whose aunt she was, but she couldn't have been an aunt to all the people who called her that, and I was never told any other name—in fact, I was calling her Aunt Susie by the end of the evening. Aunt Susie was obviously a character. She appeared to be living alone in a large house. She was small and old, domineering and outspoken; too much of a character, I thought at first. There must have been twenty-five visitors for dinner, which was served smoothly under her watchful eye. After the coffee, she deftly divided the crowd up, despatching groups to amuse themselves in various ways, and keeping to herself Kate and me with Mrs. Greenaway and a tall, thin man called Uncle Ben by everyone, although, again, I couldn't discover whose uncle he was.

"So you're going to the States on business? I understand that England has started investing again in foreign countries; do you think that's a good idea?"

"I certainly hope it will be for my company."

"I have some interest in a factory in New Jersey, and I should like to be able to extend my holdings, but so far I haven't been able to send a penny, although they let me have dollars to go there to see that the manager keeps up to scratch, I'll let you have some introductions if you will write down your name for me."

She produced a pad of paper from her bag, and then started an argument with Uncle Ben on the economic condition of Bermuda, and obviously had the better of him. Then the conversation turned to international affairs, and I was glad to find Kate interested. It continued until Mrs. Greenaway said it was time to go home. Bill couldn't be found, and we left without him. On the way back, Kate drew her mother's attention to the hurricane warning by the docks.

"We can wait till the morning to see how serious it is; the sky is too clear for anything to happen tonight."

Next day, the wireless announced that the threat was quite serious, and Bill and I started to prepare for it. All the loose garden furniture was taken to the basement. The window shutters were tested, and large shutters for the French windows were brought up ready for use; the baths were all filled with water, and oil lamps prepared. The sky was overcast and

the wind was already strong when lunch was served. After lunch, Bill took the maid home, and then we put up the big shutters; shortly afterwards we had to close up everything. It was hot, sticky, and almost dark inside the house, and the wind and rain made it impossible to go outside. The electric light flickered and went out.

"That means the water pump is out, and the refrigerators. The telephone will go next, I suppose, not that it would be of much use if it didn't."

Water started to come under the door, and towels were placed to stop it. We made a tour of the house and found that one of the shutters had blown open, and Bill had to go out to close it and nail it firmly. He came back wet through. It was now quite dark, and we had to use the oil lamps, which made the room hotter. The wind was now very strong, but Mrs. Greenaway was optimistic.

"The wireless said that it was not likely that the centre would pass over the island, thank goodness."

"Is it much worse than this in the centre?" I asked.

"No, contrariwise, it's dead calm, but then later the wind blows from the opposite direction, and we aren't as well prepared for that. Let's have a drink."

Bill had changed his clothes and went off to fetch the drinks. I looked at my watch and was surprised to find that it was nearly eight o'clock.

"I don't want to open any of the refrigerators if we can avoid it. You might see if you can get some dinner for us, Kate. The oil stove is working."

Kate went off to the kitchen and came back with Bill, carrying a tray of drinks.

Bill had opened the 'fridge to get some ice, so I took out some cold meat, cheese, and cream for the coffee." Kate took her drink with her to the kitchen, and in a short time called to us to join her. "We might as well eat in here. Sup, cold beef, salad, cheese, fruit, coffee—not a bad dinner for a dark and stormy night!"

While we were having dinner, the violence of the wind grew less; an hour later it had further diminished, although it was still strong enough. A window was opened tentatively, and they decided that the worst was over; the centre of the hurricane must have passed us to the west, and we went to bed with no misgivings.

Next morning, the sun was shining and the wind was hardly perceptible. The electric light came on while we were having breakfast, but the telephone was dead. In the garden we found that most of the flowers had been torn from the bushes and the banana palms, heavily laden with fruit, had been broken down; one of the dead cedars had been uprooted, and a magnificent poinciana in the distance had crashed and smothered several oleanders. The lawn was littered with small branches, twigs and leaves. We started by removing the shutters from windows, and then tidied up the lawn and brought out the tables and chairs.

"You really must leave on the plane tomorrow morning?" Mrs. Greenaway asked.

"I'm afraid so."

"A pity; we shall miss you. You haven't really seen much of the island, and I think Kate should take you to St. George. You could have lunch there after looking around, and then come back for a swim."

Kate drove me through Hamilton and out past the airport. Everywhere we saw the effects of the hurricane. At one or two points, men were removing trees that had partially blocked the road, and at others were mending breaks in telephone wires. It all looked very different from what I had seen on the night of my arrival, and she was amused when I told how I had been reminded of a Disney film. She told me that, after taking part in amateur dramatics, she had thought she might have a chance of success with films, and I made

the appropriate reply. We had a snack at the hotel and then looked at the old fort and the other sights. I found her not only an agreeable companion but also a pleasant guide, happily lacking the pertinacity that often makes sightseeing so wearisome. When we got home again, the others were nowhere to be found, and we went swimming alone. They returned just as we were going to dress.

A large number of young people assembled for what they called my farewell party. Most of those I had met at Aunt Susie's were there, but unfortunately neither she nor Uncle Ben had been invited. I recognized some of them, but I had forgotten all the names, if I had ever known them, and I never knew who was related to whom. This was awkward, because conversations tended, I found, to be very personal. After dinner, I sought Mrs. Greenaway's company and spent most of the evening talking with her. This proved to be very congenial, and I began to have a better understanding of Henry Esmond.

In the morning, they drove me out to the airport, where we found eight of the previous night's party who had come to see me off. By the time I had dealt with my ticket and baggage, and said goodbye to everyone, I was being called to the plane. "Come again," they shouted almost in unison. In a few minutes, the plane was speeding along the runway, and was then off the ground. As we climbed up and headed out to sea, I looked down. I could not identify any of my party, but I had a perfect view of the whole island surrounded by a white ring of breaking waves, an outer ring of jade and then a vast expanse of deep blue gradually fading away to a misty horizon.

## Film Review

► FILM CRITICS are supposed to be frustrated pedants, frustrated hams, or frustrated journalists—according to frustrated commentators. Whatever their ailment, they may be recognized by superficial symptoms like taut bloodshot eyeballs, hunched shoulders, and the nervous furtive manner of a dope peddler. This sad state is brought about largely by the continual pressure to keep up with current releases, catch up with those missed, and find time to savour the exotica of local film clubs. The breaking point is the irresistible lure of late night movies on TV. Where are all those crummy westerns which TV is supposed to favor? During the last few months the channels available to Toronto have provided an education in British film production, including such magnificent films as *Great Expectations*. While its particular photographic beauty is lost in the murky fuzz characteristic of TV definition, the box-screen concentrates attention more readily on the acting and affords a keyhole peep into the Dickensian world. Mr. Pickwick recently dropped in as well during the quiet late night hours. One's living room seems the most appropriate place to savour Dickens, who might not have minded the constant interruptions to sell beer. Have any enterprising TV film companies considered presenting some of Dickens novels in their original spirit—serialized hour or half-hour episodes which would allow for the full delineation of character, atmosphere, plot intricacies, and suspense? This would be a welcome break from the repeated formats of present TV dramas and might inaugurate a new trend. The success of *The Plouffes* indicates that the non-resolving continuous plot has the power to hold viewers week after week through the attraction of vivacious personalities with character. *Bleak House* and Wilkie Collins' *The Moonstone*, originally serialized for radio presentation by the BBC, had their enthusiastic following of late hour listeners when re-broadcast by the CBC.

Many notable Guinness comedies also have flickered

faintly on home Cinemascope screens. The exquisitely decadent air of *Kind Hearts and Coronets* . . . the malicious alliance of big jolly bumbling Stanley Holloway and sly deadpan Alec . . . the gentle parochial humour of them all. The CBC has lately shown us how Alexander Korda earned his knighthood, with the result that some of his films have taken on new stature for me. *The Thief of Bagdad* is surely the most beautiful portrayal on celluloid of the Arabian Nights. Who can forget its genuine oriental fantasy, flying carpets, the demonic wickedness of Conrad Veidt's magician, or the eruption of the genie from the mysterious bottle? Seeing Korda's *Four Feathers* again makes one wonder how the present version soon to be released can possibly hope to match the original. It doesn't of course—much of Korda's footage is to be used. Given that the story is outdated true-blue heroic "glorious Empire" fiddle faddle, it does create a nostalgia for an age when honor was a Kipling-cut concept. The stand of the "thin red line", the trek of the mahdi's arab cavalry, battle and rout, and blind Ralph Richardson staggering among the dead on the sands while the vultures swing overhead under the Sudan sun, are among the most memorable military scenes in the history of the movies. On the other hand *Storm Clouds Over Europe* which was a great success in the thirties now looks like a straight Boys' Own Annual thriller. A crispy-green Laurence Olivier and Ralph Richardson engage in a desperate romp with spies, ray guns and guttural agents of an unnamed foreign power.

Dozens of Michael Redgrave's old films have reappeared. Mr. Redgrave evidently has been steadily employed since he left the teaching profession for acting. In his younger salad days he added lustre to second-rate films, created character out of stereotypes, lent intelligence to films conceived in clichés and worked hard at becoming one of today's most consummate actors. *The Browning Version* illustrates his present mastery. Redgrave's performance in *Kipps* is excellent as well, though it leads to reflections on how out of style H. G. Wells is these days. For some reason Redgrave also played a large part in the peculiarly reflective British films of the immediate post-war period. Rehabilitation and the inspection of the pre-war values of English society are the themes of *The Years Between* and the incredibly experimental *Thunder Rock*. In the latter, Redgrave has withdrawn to a lighthouse to brood and write about the universe; it's all terribly symbolical, metaphysical, and what have you, the brainchild of the youthful Roy Boulting, and a collector's item in any day.

The peril of war and continental ferment not only led Olivier to recreate the patriotic glories of *Henry V* but cast Robert Donat as Pitt, Junior, fighting against illness and a weakness for the bottle to save England from Napoleon. *The Young Mr. Pitt* also pictured the enmities of Whig and Tory and gave us brief glimpses of Robert Morley under the guise of Charles James Fox. Many eminent Englishmen apparently bore a striking resemblance to Morley — from William S. Gilbert to George III. Winston Churchill no doubt is taking steps to avoid the same fate.

TV has brought back also those films which were all the rage ten years ago among adolescents. The baroque extravagance of *The Madonna of the Seven Moons* undoubtedly created the wave of reaction which carried Alec Guinness to fame. *The Man in Grey*, *Fanny by Gaslight*, and *The Seventh Veil* are all very amusing as melodramas now. It is rather like renewing acquaintances with old friends to see the young James Mason, Stewart Granger, Phyllis Calvert and others. But whatever happened to *The Wicked Lady*? Will the Regency bosoms of Margaret Lockwood and Patricia Roc never be heaved in the living rooms of North America? Will James Mason not gallop to the gallows again in his jovial sneering way? All concerned in that coach and bosom

epic have probably bought out the exhibitors' rights and burned the prints stealthily in their cellars by now, but it would be fun to see again. Why did this genre of English film-making wane? Were all the people involved in producing these wild sex and soul bits dropped into the channel by the RAF? Well, there are many mysteries which are the stuff of film reviewers' dreams.

Meritorious but only moderately successful British films are available to TV as well. Often these are stimulating movies which have not pandered to public taste in the commercial theatres but illustrate some earnest producer's thesis. *Mandy*, issued in the U.S. as *Crash of Silence*, was one of these. The study of a deaf-mute child's education, it was compelling, sensitive and realistic in the best sense. Another film, *Waterfront*, released for the American market under the spineless title of *Waterfront Women*, was a somewhat melodramatic story of a sailor's life in Liverpool during the long depression, but it gave Robert Newton one of the best roles of his career. His portrait of an emotional, inarticulate, confused, obnoxious celtic sailor was too true. The plot of *My Own Executioner*, featuring Burgess Meredith, Dulcie Gray, and Kieron Moore, is rather unique in movie annals and of particular interest to those who have followed the career of psychiatry in the films. It dealt candidly with the interrelated professional and personal problems of a lay psychiatrist and ended on a note which clearly conveyed the meaning that human affairs were a muddle and would continue to be so.

Too much TV may be a convenient excuse to explain an error last month . . . *The Prisoner* has not appeared in Canada prior to its present run. There are many delectable morsels to whet the lips of a film enthusiast this coming month and Torontonians will enjoy some special offerings. Some true film addicts have arranged one night stands of such interesting things as Russia's prize-winning *Big Family* and *Cangaceiros*, which will probably be the first Brazilian film to be shown in Canada. The latter received an honor at Cannes in 1953 and should appeal to lovers of *Fan-Fan la Tulipe*, *High Noon*, and other superior westerns. It has all the clichés of action films with that extra something that makes a difference, including love and honor among the bandits of northern Brazil and excellent acting and photography.

JOAN FOX

## NFB

Hybrid Corn ..... 16 mm. 18 mins. color  
Why Grow Fat Hogs? ..... 16 mm. 14 mins. color

► A SELDOM-MENTIONED ASPECT of agriculture is the development of hybrid corns which can be grown in varying soil and climatic conditions. The ordinary variety of corn is in short supply and there are many parts of the country where it cannot grow. Hybrid corns will flourish in areas unsuitable for the standard crop. At the Department of Agriculture's Experimental Farms in Ontario and Manitoba, different corns are inbred, tested for insect and disease resistance and then crossed with other inbreds in the slow and lengthy process of producing hybrids.

Written, produced and directed by Larry Gosnell, *Hybrid Corn* is the latest in his agricultural series and shows in a straightforward manner the methods of inbreeding corn. During the first half of the picture the camera does little more than pass over various plants showing the plant breeders at work while the commentary explains their actions. The last part of the film shows the corn being commercially produced by latest machine methods and then being harvested. The message here is that farmers who are

reluctant to grow hybrid corns are passing by a lucrative source of income. The color photography by John Foster is clear and natural in some scenes and too dark in others. The commentary is nicely read by Tom McBride, John Howe and Harry Boyle. Technically and in subject matter this is an agreeable and competent production.

I must say that I was disappointed with *Why Grow Fat Hogs?* This, after all, is a highly important question and the picture fails to live up to the promise inherent in the title. I had anticipated some candid and down-to-earth facts on farm-yard life, but my hopes were soon dashed. This is simply a lifeless and horribly colored message film in which a hog expert (a rather rare kind of screen personality) stands in a bare room in company with some hanging carcasses and speaks to the camera. With a commendable dedication to his subject he demonstrates various cuts of raw pork to show how too much fat on the over-fed hog spoils the lean and fetches a poor price. This should give the farmers something to think about. The sad tale concludes with the sobering thought that surplus fat rendered into lard is worth less per pound than nice lean meat. Granted that this film (directed by Julian Biggs) is intended for farmers and housewives, it could, nevertheless, have had some atmosphere and been presented with more care. On the whole, an unattractive lesson. The sequel to this might well be *Why Raise Tough Beef?*

### Chetwynd Films

*Jamboree* (45 mins. 16 mm. color), sponsored by Eaton's, is an interesting record of the world scout jamboree held last year at Niagara Falls. Photographed by Arthur Chetwynd, with three other cameramen, and directed by Gerald Kedeay, it shows some of the highlights of the event and how the scouts took care of themselves, and introduces scouts from many lands. To cover so large an affair in progress and then edit the material (this was done by Robert Barclay) into three-quarters of an hour is a difficult task; while most of the footage in *Jamboree* is not lacking in appeal, the events appear to have been observed by cameras lingering on the outskirts rather than being in the centre of the organization. The color is consistently natural for the most part, the sound would have been better had it been used throughout rather than here and there, and the use of scouts singing instead of a score is a pleasant innovation. As with most films of this type, the commentary (written and spoken by Thom Benson) lets the picture down. It is over-written (as though for radio rather than the film) and insists on telling the audience facts the cameras are adequately portraying. The continual references to the effect the jamboree has on the scouts (loyalty, affection, democracy, discipline, tolerance) become facile and insincere through repetition. The spirit of comradeship is nicely conveyed on the film and a verbal emphasis was not required.

### Crawley Films

*Power and Passage* (16 mm. 30 mins. color, sponsored by Canadian General Electric) is a brief history of the St. Lawrence waterway. Going back to the days of early exploration, old prints and photographs show the first navigational use of the river. The following years reveal the limitations for passage of ships through to the Great Lakes; then comes the building of ship canals, and the costly and time-consuming business of changing cargoes from ocean ships and trains to lake freighters. Cleverly-animated diagrams outline the present plans to open the St. Lawrence along its entire length as a seaway, with the increased output of electricity (with CGE equipment we presume) being stressed. The film ends with the beginning of construction.

Compact, well-made and thoughtfully photographed and



edited, *Power and Passage* manages to give a fresh and added appeal to a familiar film subject; at the same time it recreates Canadian history and illustrates impressively the industrial activity along the St. Lawrence, from the huge dams and powerhouses to the busy shipping lanes. The commentary, well-spoken by Frank Peddie, is inclined to be fulsome in the dramatic manner and seldom comes to earth for well-considered and leveling statements. For instance, the seaway project came about without any trouble at all, a mighty dream realized by intrepid explorers, inspired statesmen and dedicated workers, whose only thoughts were to tame the historic river. William McCauley's score is well-integrated with the visuals and wisely avoids swelling the spoken refrain.

I wholeheartedly enjoyed F. R. Crawley's imaginative and absorbing film about Saskatchewan made for the 50th anniversary committee of the province and called *The Face of Saskatchewan* (16 mm. 45 mins. color). This is a comprehensive yet never crowded picture showing many aspects of life in Saskatchewan, both from a geographic and sociological point of view, in particular the different kinds of farmers and their relationship to the land. The brief moments spent with them during which they recall their early years in the province, the depression, the bad weather and the recent prosperity, are very real and human. Their lined faces, sparing speech and likeable manners are affectionately portrayed and they come to life in a believable way that real-life people in Canadian films seldom do. Technically the film is of a high standard, with the transition from a square dance to a stampede being cleverly realized. The color is uneven, and frequently seems to be the cause of a disturbing lack of clarity in the visuals which spoils several beautiful scenes such as the trains crossing the prairie. The commentary, written by W. O. Mitchell, is fitting but often tiresome with continuous references to the province as "she". This may be the way the people speak, but it sounds false. The effect of the picture is invigorating and frequently stimulating; it has caught the true feeling of the people and the moods of the changing weather; it roams vast spaces and large skies and enters simple homes; it conveys the rhythm of the harvesting machines and the freshness of an open air life attuned to nature's whims and benefits. It hints at stories of high adventure, introduces characters who appear to be equally a part of the covered wagon era as well as that of the graceful tractor, and sets the whole against a rugged yet beautiful background. There is no good reason at all why this picture, and also *Power and Passage* and *Jamboree*, should not be shown in theatres.

GERALD PRATLEY.

## Correspondence

The Editor:

In his claim that "... a poet must explore if it kills him, regardless of the suffering caused to himself and his real companions ..." it seems to me that Alan Brown (in his review of *Dylan Thomas in America*) comes close to the philosophy of Raskolnikov, who believed that an intellectual was above the law. In fact the true point of his article seemed an obscure anti-Americanism, a venting of spleen.

Paul Wright, Winnipeg, Man.

Alan Brown writes: I should not like to be thought guilty of equating the artist with the intellectual; nor of confining any strictures on the North American variety of exhibitionism merely to the United States.



# The Plowman in Darkness

Jay Macpherson

## Prologue and Dedication

Take not that Spirit from me  
That kindles and inspires,  
That raises world from water,  
The phoenix from her fires,  
Stirs up the ravaged nightingale  
To bloom among her briars.

Sweet Spirit, Comforter  
That raises with a word  
The swallow in her house of mud  
True but absurd,  
Forgive a babbling bird.

## Sibylla

God Phoebus was a merry lad,  
Courtied my mother's daughter:  
Said I, "To swim I'll be quite glad,  
But keep me from the water."

He swore he'd break my looking-glass  
And dock my maiden tresses;  
He told me tales of many a pass,  
All of them successes.

There's other ways to catch a god  
Who's feeling gay and girly  
Than tickling with a fishing-rod  
Among the short and curly.

I took his gift and thwarted him,  
I listened to his vows, and  
Though looks are gone and eyes grow dim,  
I'll live to be a thousand.

I'm mercifully rid of youth,  
No callers plague me ever:  
I'm virtuous, I tell the truth—  
And you can see I'm clever!

## Eurynome

Come all old maids that are squeamish  
And afraid to make mistakes,  
Don't clutter your lives up with boyfriends,  
The nicest girls marry snakes.

If you don't mind slime on your pillow  
And caresses as gliding as ice  
—Cold skin, warm heart, remember,  
And besides, they keep down the mice—

If you're really serious-minded,  
It's the best advice you can take:  
No rumpling, no sweating, no nonsense,  
Oh who would not sleep with a snake?

## The Rymer

Hear the voice of the Bard!  
Want to know where I've been?  
Under the frost-hard  
Ground with Hell's Queen,  
Whom there I embraced  
In the dark as she lay,  
With worms defaced,

Her lips gnawed away  
—What's that? Well, maybe  
Not everybody's dame,  
But a sharp baby  
All the same.

## Mary of Egypt

Little children, gather round  
On this bare and stony ground,  
Listen while your tired and hoary  
Mother tells a bed-time story.

In a far-off former time  
And a green and gentle clime,  
Mamma was a lively lass,  
Liked to watch the tall ships pass,  
Loved to hear the sailors sing  
Of sun and wind and voyaging,  
Felt a wild desire to be  
On the bleak and unplowed sea.  
Mamma was a nice girl, mind,  
Hard up, but a good sport and kind—  
Well, the long and short of't was,  
Mamma worked her way across  
From Egypt to the Holy Land,  
And here repents, among the sand.

## The Ark

Cock-robin and the jenny-wren,  
The eagle and the lark,  
The cuckoo and the broody-hen,  
The heavens did remark  
Consorting in the Ark:

The pelican in her piety,  
The peacock in his pride,  
Cormorant insatiety,  
The feather-breasted bride,  
All bedded down inside.

There sat upon the hatch-lid  
The turtle and the crow.  
One I've heard the Flood did,  
One the Fire shall, o'erthrow  
—Not in our lifetime, though.

## Hail Wedded Love!

Oh the many joys of a harlot's wedding,  
Countless as the ticks that tumble in the bedding!  
All knives are out and slicing fast,  
The bread-oven goes with a furnace-blast,  
Drink flows like sea-water, cock crows till dawn,  
The children of Bedlam riot in the corn.

The nymphs of Bridewell leave their fountains  
To come and dance on the blockish mountains,  
The meadow shoots cuckoo-pint all over  
And Venus-flytrap common as clover,  
The goat-shagged fiddler with urgent bow  
Drives on the measure of boot and toe,  
The bridegroom woos, "My bird, my cunny,  
My jam, my pussy, my little pot of honey—"

Well, delight attend their pillow!  
And I'll go seek a bending willow!  
To hang my silent harp upon  
Beside the river of Babylon.

## Isis

I'm Isis of Saïs,  
If you'd know what my way is,

Come riddle my riddle-mi-ree.  
 It's perfectly easy  
 For those who're not queasy—  
 Say, am I a he or a she?  
 There's no-one shall wed me  
 And least of all bed me,  
 In fact no-one loves me but me;  
 Aha, you don't know? you  
 'd prefer me to show you?  
 The answer will slay you, you'll see!

#### *O Fenix Culpa*

The wicked Phoenix in her baleful fires  
 Here on this ground suspires.  
 What God has put asunder here combines  
 And viperish intertwines.  
 Duplicity of head and heart  
 Has taught her lust that art.  
 Not strength and sweetness in one frame,  
 Dying and rising still the same:  
 Her charnel and her marriage-bed,  
 The womb that her own being bred  
 —Strains to rise and cannot fly,  
 Looks to death and may not die,  
 Writhes on griefs beyond recall,  
 And shall, till doomfire burn all.

#### *The Plowman in Darkness*

You ask for the Plowman:  
 He's as much  
 In the dark as you are,  
 Moves by touch,  
 Stubbing his toes  
 From age to age,  
 Is working up a  
 Snorting rage,  
 Swears he'll beat his plowshare  
 Into a sword  
 Come the great and harrowing  
 Day of the Lord.

#### *Epilogue*

While Philomel's unmeasured grief  
 Poured out in barren waste  
 Raises a tree in flower and leaf  
 By angel guardian graced,  
 Her sister, snug in walls of clay,  
 Performs as she is able:  
 Chatters, gabbles, all the day,  
 Raises both Cain and Babel.

## Turning New Leaves

► MACKENZIE KING is already the most controversial prime minister in Canadian history, and his recent biography\* will further stoke the fires of controversy. Messrs. Ferns and Ostry present the most painstaking study yet published, although it covers merely that period of King's life up to his nomination as leader of the Liberal party in August, 1919. In *The Incredible Canadian*, Bruce Hutchison wrote an impressionistic, breezy, and entertaining sketch, but in analyzing political developments and situations he rarely went below the surface. The authors of this new study, however, ranged widely and dug deeply in searching for relevant evidence on which to base an interpretation of King and his age. They examined many manuscript collections, and in

particular drew heavily from the Laurier papers. The one invaluable source which unfortunately they could not consult is King's own vast collection of papers, from which Professor R. M. Dawson is writing his life.

What is the outcome? Mackenzie King here emerges as a man with great energy and ability and above all with an indefatigable will for power. He early knew what he wanted, and was remarkably acute in perceiving how to get it. He came almost instinctively to appreciate the basic motives which governed men in politics, and nimbly played on them to win power. He learned rapidly what publicity to obtain and what wires to pull. He was equally quick to exploit his opportunities and to recover from his reverses. Canadians can freely take what pride they may in the fact that in Mackenzie King they had a master of the Machiavellian arts of statecraft within a parliamentary setting, or, as the authors somewhat extravagantly assert, "the most successful parliamentary politician in history."

Such a view is not new. What is new in the present book is the careful attempt from the first chapter to give it documentary support. We have the young King as an undergraduate in the University of Toronto participating in his first public activity, a famous student strike. He shared grievances with other undergraduates, made speeches (he took every opportunity to practise speechmaking), seconded motions, but steered a skilful and diplomatic course that was not designed to prejudice his prospects. He was a keen student with a feeling of social responsibility. He pursued graduate studies in Chicago and Harvard, impressed teachers especially in Harvard, and impressed also a family friend, William Mulock, postmaster-general in Laurier's Government, who appointed him at the age of twenty-six the first deputy minister in the newly-created department of labor. As a civil servant for eight years, King built political fences: he ingratiated himself with the influential in Canada's capital, became widely acquainted with leaders of labor and industry, and above all discovered and exploited the idea on which the whole strategy of his later career rested, the idea of conciliation. For him the federal department of labor was mainly a stage on which he could win a public reputation as a conciliator in industrial disputes. The Industrial Disputes Investigation Act of 1907 became the principal monument to his work as a civil servant. His prowess in conciliation was prowess in a political art. Such achievement not unnaturally impressed Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who brought King into parliament and within a year into his cabinet as minister of labor. His political career could now begin in earnest.

The authors of this book rightly emphasize that a major asset of King in public life was his thorough intellectual preparation. At three universities he had studied the roots and character of contemporary industrial society. From 1900 Canada was growing rapidly and changing rapidly, as its modern industrial structure took form, and King was trained, as few Canadian politicians at the time were trained, to discern the forces in operation and interpret their meaning. He put his training to good account in employing the techniques of conciliation. Admittedly his skill and expertise were not faultless. The authors here make much of what they allege was his blundering intervention in the case of the Grand Trunk Railway strike of 1910. If we accept their assessment of this action, he damaged for the time being his own reputation and jeopardized that of a government already beginning to lose its appeal.

King had little time in which to gain ministerial experience before the Laurier Government was defeated at the polls in 1911. He was now out of office and out of parliament, and, although for an interval he directed the party's Information Office, he was evidently not always in full harmony with its

\*THE AGE OF MACKENZIE KING; THE RISE OF THE LEADER:  
 H. S. Ferns and B. Ostry; Heinemann; \$4.25.



leadership. Most significant was an episode which began in 1914 when he was engaged by John D. Rockefeller Jr., to investigate industrial relations in certain companies embraced within the Rockefeller economic empire. During much of the next five years King was absorbed in activities under the auspices of the Rockefeller Foundation. But he maintained his links with Ottawa, and returned as a Laurier Liberal to contest a constituency in the election of 1917. Although he was defeated, his participation in this election paid richer political dividends than any other act in his life.

The present biography is doubtless sound in contending that King's employment by the Rockefeller Foundation helped rather than hindered his political prospects. His associations with the Rockefellers enhanced his prestige in the eyes of Canadian captains of industry in the Liberal camp and his deeper study of industrial conditions gave him greater assurance and skill in generalizing about the social tensions of the time. His *Industry and Humanity*, published in 1918, gathered together and utilized his experiences. This book was replete with fine but vague generalities, which under the circumstances of the time had a major political value: they were relevant to the current mood of bewilderment, disillusionment, discontent, and yearning for a better and more stable society. "For Industry and Nationality alike," wrote King, "the last word lies in the supremacy of Humanity. 'Over all nations is Humanity.' Of more worth than all else man can achieve is the well-being of mankind. The national or industrial economy based on a lesser vision, in the final analysis, is anti-social, and lacks the essentials of indefinite expansion and durability." These admirable sentiments in the Canadian context may mean different things to different people, or mean nothing. But a book which contains them has a political quality. *Industry and Humanity* was intended by King to be his platform, and it was sufficiently general to appeal to both frightened employers and hopeful laborers. It influenced some of those who backed him strongly for the Liberal leadership in the subsequent year.

Other and powerful influences were also present in the choice of King by the Convention of 1919. They are well analyzed in the present biography, and the myth that King had been designated by Laurier as his heir is effectively demolished. The one important circumstance was that King had been loyal to Laurier in the bitter electoral contest of 1917. This fact determined his selection. The French contingent from Quebec were resolved on one thing: they would accept no leader who had defected on the issue of conscription, and were persuaded that King was the most eligible among the faithful. Otherwise Fielding would doubtless have won.

*The Age of Mackenzie King* is in many matters enlightening. It is one of the few revealing books on the realities of Canadian politics in the period 1900-1918. Yet unfortunately in some obvious respects it is unsatisfactory and fails to win a reader's confidence. It resembles too much a lawyer's brief, skilfully and ruthlessly argued to secure a conviction, and this type of performance does not constitute a scholarly biography. The whole analysis seems to be drenched in an unsympathetic feeling. King never gets the benefit of the doubt where the available evidence is uncertain, and sometimes a reader cannot help wondering whether important evidence not in harmony with the argument of the brief has been disregarded or suppressed. That a reader should wonder is the fault of the authors; in almost every chapter their bias is pronounced. Nor can a reader fail to wonder whether our Canadian Machiavelli did not have some moments of relaxation when he was not feverishly promoting his personal career and planning his political manoeuvres. Had he no interests or pleasures beyond political manipulation? Had he no facets to his personality other than political ambition?

Had he no intimate friends after Harper's death? We are not told, although these matters are relevant to his leadership. We are presented with a bleak and almost bloodless personality, indeed hardly a real personality at all, but merely an inflated human ego, operating like a machine. Is this the real Mackenzie King? Perhaps it is, but we are not convinced by the present book that a final answer has been given.

Many readers will also not be persuaded by an extravagant depreciation of some policies with which King was associated. We have here a full examination of King's ideas on conciliation, but an examination without any sympathy. The authors are not explicit in their premise, but they appear to start from the assumption that a modification of industrial and social tensions through the expedients of conciliation is something nefarious in itself rather than an essential element in a liberal democratic state. The Industrial Disputes Investigation Act of 1907 hardly seems now a remarkable piece of legislation, or worthy of all Mackenzie King's praise, but it is distorting and unfair to dispose of it, as Messrs. Ferns and Ostry do, in the statement that it "had the effect of weakening and dividing the labor movement." Its real purpose was to protect the members of the public against harsh inconveniences inflicted on them by rash labor leaders and stubborn employers, and in a modest way it contributed to this protection. That it actually weakened the labor movement is not here proved. One need not hold a brief for company unions to consider that the verdict of the authors on King's work in Colorado is prejudiced. Even a limited amelioration in the ugly industrial situation in Colorado was a gain to both labor and management. These and other kindred points of interpretation seriously blemish a book which promised to be important and which otherwise contains some informative analysis.

ALEXANDER BRADY.

## Books Reviewed

THRICE THE BRINDED CAT HATH MEWED: Robertson Davies, Tyrone Guthrie, Tanya Moiseiwitch and Boyd Neel; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 178; \$5.00.

The brinded cat is, of course, the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, Ontario, and this book is a fitting successor to those other books about the Festival—*Renown at Stratford* and *Twice Have the Trumpets Sounded*. *Brinded Cat* is valuable not only as a record but because it says some new interesting things about Shakespeare, Sophocles and the theatrical production of their work. In Mr. Davies' account of *The Merchant of Venice* and *Julius Caesar*, as produced at Stratford last summer, the wit and perception are as rich as ever they were in the preceding volumes. He is not afraid to be critical either, nor to give in where the size of *Julius Caesar's* coffin is concerned. Perhaps I wish he had thought those upturned golden chairs in the assassination scene worth remembering. I recall a noble senator twirling one above his head and to me the whole touch showed considerable inspiration on the director's part. Insurrection in the state-upturned furniture. Pure Eisenstein, as they say. The things Mr. Davies can tell us about the interpretations of Shylock in the past—Mansfield secretly stabbing himself under his gabardine and so on—raise one's hair and also justify certain features of Dr. Guthrie's productions by putting them in perspective. That is, if the reader thinks leaving the clown out in *All's Well that Ends Well* is handling Shakespeare roughly, how about a whole mob of Christian children pursuing Shylock across the stage in a Victorian production that Mr. Davies mentions. "Very frequently in his productions Tyrone Guthrie calls for the effect of high-bred people behaving rather badly"; that strikes me as a brilliant summing

up on Mr. Davies' part of this particular director's quality in comedy.

Dr. Guthrie's account of his theory for the production of *Oedipus Rex* and his practice of that theory throw light on his qualities as a director of tragedy. If Francis Fergusson's *Idea of a Theatre* is right in calling attention to the important design character, plot and verbal texture make together, a design or hieroglyph that holds the meaning of a play, then a great director might be able to tell us some arresting things about the actual shape of Shakespeare and classical plays. For smelling out that shape must be the director's reason for being. After reading Dr. Guthrie on *Oedipus* I feel that his literary criticism is interesting but perhaps uncertain; his directorial criticism however has the sound of sharp and organized insight. One shudders at the near misses: *Oedipus* is given at a Spring festival, therefore dress it in tender greens and juicy yellows to get the irony. But Tiresias rattling around under the balcony like a bird in a cage, and Oedipus on cothurnoi swiftly tiptoeing up to Jocasta like a little boy about to tell her a big secret are too thunderously right for anyone to worry about critical mistakes. Since the production and direction of a play must be the most complex and wonderful of arts it is thrilling to hear about this art's mysteries from a craftsman who practises them so energetically.

Mr. Boyd Neel and Miss Tanya Moiseiwitch also contribute interesting sections on the new Musical Festival and the *Oedipus* masks respectively. As a whole *Brinded Cat* tells you what you should remember of Stratford 1955 and in Mr. Davies' section presents a fair summary of what traditions have been, and may hope to be, established by the whole venture.

James Reaney

ASPECTS OF RACINIAN TRAGEDY: John C. Lapp; University of Toronto Press (University of Toronto Romance Series 2); pp. XII + 195; \$5.00.

It has taken Racine over two hundred years to penetrate the Shakespearean Curtain of the Anglo-Saxon world (about the time it took Shakespeare to penetrate the Racinian Curtain of the continent), but since his tri-centenary in 1939 he has been making up for lost time, if not with the general reading and playgoing public, at least with the enlightened critics. It is probably safe to say that more studies have been devoted to Racine in England and America in the last fifteen years than in the two preceding centuries. To the list of recent English interpreters like Turnell, Brereton and Knight it is pleasant to be able to add the name of a native Canadian, a graduate of Queen's University, who is now teaching in an American college, especially when one can report sincerely that Professor Lapp's study is one of the best that has been devoted to Racine anywhere at any time.

It may, indeed, not catch the attention of the average reader as easily as some more impressionistic studies. Its method is the rigorous one of close analysis of the text of the plays which characterizes the younger school of critics to-day and differentiates them from the often fuzzy "appreciativeness" of their elders. Owing to its density of texture it must be read with close attention and pre-supposes a familiarity with Racine's plays on the reader's part. It is not primarily concerned with the stylistic surface of these plays as so many attempts to convert the sceptical English reader to a belief in Racine as a "poet" have been; its main object is to "strike down into the roots of Racinian drama." In other words, it is mainly an investigation of the structure of that much-misunderstood type of tragedy.

The book is so full of original—and sometimes audacious—*aperçus*, that it is difficult in a brief review to give an adequate idea of its contents. The part from which the most solid profit can be drawn is, in my judgment, the central core devoted to an examination of the way in which Racine

adapted the famous "conventions" of neo-classic theory to his own purposes and thereby established a new kind of tragedy. This is brilliantly and convincingly done and puts every student of Racine in debt to Mr. Lapp. The opening chapter on "The Themes" and the later one on "Racine's Symbolism" are fascinating to read, but perhaps betray an excessive pre-occupation with currently fashionable typological and symbolist critical "techniques", which may "enrich" the play for a modern reader, but which one feels Racine himself might have been surprised to hear about. (Remember what Goethe said about the things that critics had "hineingeheimniszt" into his writings!) The chapter entitled "The Essence of Racinian Tragedy" contains some very fine things, especially the analyses of three outstanding passages from the Racinian drama and the discussion of the relationship between Racine and the Greek dramatists—the best treatment of that topic I have seen anywhere (Mr. Lapp seems to be as well grounded in Greek as in French tragedy)—but just what the "essence" of Racinian tragedy is may still remain a little vague to some readers. As the author himself says, "Racine as tragic dramatist is extremely difficult to generalize about."

But these are trifling reservations. All lovers of Racine should be grateful to Professor Lapp for revealing to them with his percipient eye, his scholarly knowledge and his sensitive taste beauties which repeated readings of Racine had not vouchsafed to them.

(The University of Toronto Press is also to be commended for establishing a series of studies in a department where research has hitherto been little cultivated in Canada.)

A. F. B. Clark.

SWIFT: AN INTRODUCTION: Ricardo Quintana; Oxford; pp. 204; \$3.75.

In his "Preface to the 1953 Reprint" of *The Mind and Art of Jonathan Swift* Professor Quintana wrote: "There is much that I still hope to say about Swift and his contemporaries and the entire age, but with a somewhat different tone and emphasis in keeping with certain shifts in perception." This small new volume happily combines this shift in tone and emphasis with the findings of the most recent scholarship. More than this, it demonstrates Professor Quintana's sharp critical acumen and provides new and original insights into Swift's major works in the field of prose satire.

The details of Swift's life and career have been kept to a minimum. It is obvious that Professor Quintana is concerned more with Swift's achievement as a man of letters than with his life and fortunes as a High Churchman and Tory. Such an arrangement is a judicious one since it provides the author with greater scope for critical evaluation and judgment. This is not to say that the contemporary scene has been slighted, for one of Professor Quintana's main theses is that Swift's achievement must be regarded in the light of the intellectual climate of his time.

In his discussion of Swift's literary craftsmanship, with particular reference to *A Tale of a Tub* and *Gulliver's Travels*, Professor Quintana suggests that the satiric effect is achieved for the most part by the use of various modes of comedy. The early satires are best defined as examples of the comedy of discontinuity, in which the discrepancy between appearance and reality is observed in terms of the comic vision of life, which had been the informing spirit of the comedy of manners. "Comedy in terms of a special situation" is best exemplified in the digressions of the *Tale* and in Swift's satiric attacks upon Roman Catholic and Non-Conformist enthusiasm in the fable of the coats. In the four Parts of *Gulliver's Travels* a third comic mode is intro-

duced with varying degrees of intensity. This is the comedy of exploration and exclusion or "ironic refraction." Although this compositional pattern is obscure in the voyages of Part III, it appears with increasing intensity in the other three Parts culminating in the account of Gulliver's voyage to the Houyhnhnms in which the entire human race is excluded from rational society. Such a cursory review of Professor Quintana's approach to Swift's satiric craftsmanship may at best seem an over-simplification. His approach does, however, suggest a means of getting at the method by which Swift achieves an artistic unity in *Gulliver*, and in addition it highlights the gradually increasing tensions which are resolved with such drastic finality in Part IV. The possibility that Gulliver moves from a series of increasingly ironic situations in the first two Parts to a tragic situation in the final chapters of Part IV is not explored; but it would seem worthy of study in the light of what Professor Quintana has to say in this *Introduction* and elsewhere on the subject of Swift's view of the nature of man and of his place in the universe.

Swift's poetry and his prose tracts are given ample consideration in this volume. One cannot always share Professor Quintana's enthusiasm for (sometimes almost a defence of) Swiftian verse, but he does make clear and pointed remarks upon its distinguishing features. Whether it be satire in the manner of Juvenal, imitations of the Horatian epistolary mode, social and topical satire, or *genre* pieces, Swift's verse at its best exemplifies the astuteness of his critical principles and the spirit of comedy that is evident in the prose satires. The political and religious tracts and pamphlets remain sterling examples of Swift's consummate skill in reasoned argument and literary method.

Professor Quintana's assessment of the life and achievement of Jonathan Swift is a valuable addition to eighteenth-century scholarship. Completely free from sentimentality, and equally free from the general prejudice and misinterpretation that too frequently obscure the Swift myth, this study combines a résumé of modern scholarship with a searching analysis of Swift's artistic methods. It does not aim at comprehensiveness or completeness; rather it aims at suggesting points of departure for future analytical and interpretative studies and at reaching some conclusions concerning the distinctive qualities of Swift's artistic genius. In these attempts it may be said to be eminently successful.

George Falle.

JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU: A CRITICAL STUDY OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS: F. C. Green: MacMillan (Cambridge University Press); pp. 368; \$5.50.

A biographer of Rousseau faces problems of no small dimensions. In the first place he must sketch the character of the man, an unpleasant task at best. He must probe into Rousseau's youthful maladjustment, his quarrelsome and suspicious disposition, his total irresponsibility, his almost limitless capacity for rationalization and self-deception, the persecution mania of his later years, and the physical infirmities that made him a semi-invalid. In doing so he must get behind the portrait offered us by Rousseau himself in the *Confessions*, and correct its inaccuracies by means of the vast mass of biographical data unearthed by modern scholarship.

Finally he must explain his subject's ideas and their impact. He must show how Rousseau's stress on intuition and "sensibility" sapped the foundations of eighteenth-century rationalism; how the *Profession de foi du vicairé savoyard* could earn the condemnation of Catholic France and Calvinist Geneva alike; how Rousseau's passion for nature and for rural solitude were looked on by contemporaries as evidence of mental derangement; how the *Contrat*

*social*, that brilliantly self-contradictory essay in political philosophy, was to have such far-reaching and undoubtedly unforeseen repercussions.

All these problems are tackled bravely by Professor F. C. Green of Edinburgh University, but somehow this latest effort to interpret Rousseau misfires. The details of his life are traced with judicious care, and they yield a reasonably finished portrait of an unattractive personality. But the vital spark is lacking. Rousseau's unquestioned brilliance fails to shine through a rather pedestrian analysis of his various works. At the end we are left wondering just why Rousseau is considered a genius, and even why he is still widely read. In short, what was his real contribution to the history of ideas? These are the questions to which any successful biography of a great man must give a clear answer.

I cannot resist reporting that all quotations in this book are given in both French and English, so that when Rousseau's father remarks to the youngster "Je suis plus enfant que toi," there is a footnote which gravely explains "I am more of a child than you are!" This is a work of scholarship, but what it lacks most of all, one feels after reading it, is perspective.

K. D. McRae.

#### THE DUFFERIN-CARNARVON CORRESPONDENCE

1874-1878: Edited by C. W. de Kiewiet and F. H. Underhill; The Champlain Society; pp. iv. 442; iii.

According to Sir Harold Nicolson, Lord Dufferin's administrative and diplomatic method was "to sandwich his resolution between two layers of charm; he would prepare the ground with the utmost solicitude and, by the exercise of his unrivalled powers of conciliation, reduce the issue to some essential point of principle; he would then very cautiously, make up his own mind upon that principle and, having once acquired conviction, would act with speed, forcefulness and determination; having won his point, he would quickly repair the ravages of his victory by applying the unguents of friendliness and by convincing his opponents that the real victory had been theirs and not his." Dufferin needed all the resolution and charm that he possessed during his term as Governor-General of Canada, and all the elements of the method are visible in the correspondence. There was less need to repair the ravages of victory in Ottawa than in Moscow or Delhi, however, for the simple reason that they were less frequent. Dufferin was a very able man, one of the ablest that has filled the post of Governor-General. But Mackenzie and Blake were very determined Canadians and the victory was often theirs and not his. As Dufferin often lamented, the office of Governor-General was not a position of strength from which to operate.

Dufferin and Carnarvon, the Colonial Secretary in Disraeli's administration, were close personal friends, even though the former was a Liberal. No sooner had Carnarvon taken office than he asked Dufferin to communicate with him "fully and unreservedly not only as Secretary of State but as yours most truly and sincerely." For almost four years Dufferin favored Carnarvon with frequent and lengthy letters from Canada, in which he spoke more freely than ever he could in official dispatches. These letters are a mine of information for Canadian historians, particularly on such matters as the Pacific railways, the amnesty question, the Guibord case and on such individuals as Mackenzie, Blake, Mills and Cartwright.

From beginning to end the volume bears the marks of the scholarly pen of F. H. Underhill, now Curator of Laurier House, Ottawa. The admirable introduction, which delineates the major characters and discusses the more important subjects mentioned in the letters, is obviously his. Thus it is not surprising to detect a note of admiration for Edward Blake running throughout: Blake, "who towered above his fellows



in intellectual ability," was "the man whom Dufferin feared most"; Blake, who was "generally recognized as the greatest legal mind in Canada, was too sensitive and thin-skinned for the coarse and dirty controversy which marked Canadian politics in those days"; and Blake who stands "in the direct line of the Canadian Liberal tradition which runs from Baldwin and LaFontaine and his own father to Laurier and King," is obviously the hero of the drama that was played during Dufferin's term of office.

The Champlain Society is to be congratulated on its choice of subject and editors. This reviewer at least hopes that the precedent of publishing in modern Canadian history will not long stand alone.

John T. Saywell

SIX MEDIEVAL MEN AND WOMEN: H. S. Bennett; Macmillan (Cambridge University Press); pp. 177; \$3.00.

The compass of this delightful collection of biographical sketches is somewhat narrower, both in space and time, than that of a similar cycle, Eileen Power's unforgettable *Medieval People*. Mr. Bennett's heroes and heroines (among them Sir John Fastolf, the archetype of Shakespeare's Falstaff) are all English, and they all flourished in the first half of the fifteenth century.

However, the procession of characters is anything but monotonous. What a contrast there is between the saintly neurotic Margery Kempe and the sensible wife of John Paston! Moreover, the author achieves variety by selecting for portrayal people of widely different stations in life, ranging from a person of blood royal (Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester) to a humble peasant of the priory of Merton. Indeed, their social environment, painted in rich colours and with a wealth of detail, should prove as absorbing to most readers as the central figures on Mr. Bennett's canvass.

Supported by unchallengeable scholarship and written in a flawless and vigorous style this slender volume is sure to assume an honourable place among the works of English historiography.

Karl F. Helleiner.

THE MOON TO PLAY WITH: John Wiles; Clarke Irwin; pp. 280; \$2.50.

Another talented South African writer appears with this slight but resonantly beautiful first novel. One discovers with relief that it is not a tract on the race problem but rather a fine story told with artful simplicity. The author is obviously a man of rare sympathy, his style poetic and evocative, his content candid and humane.

With great perception, Wiles depicts the world through the eyes and feelings of Pinto, a good-hearted little black boy who flees his peaceful village in fear of a murderer. He makes a friend of another boy, James, at a hotel where they work happily as bootblacks. James is terrorized into committing robberies and disappears into the underworld of Durban. Pinto, with the innate optimism of a child, attempts to find his friend in order to reclaim him. But in the depraved underworld his innocence and goodness lead him to death. While Pinto's life ends in tragedy, the author never falls into the traps of sentimentality or moralization. Pinto lives too vividly; he is carried to death by his own buoyant vitality.

As a very high compliment to Mr. Wiles, I would suggest that this novel has the stuff and fibre of a children's classic. It rings true, its language is pure in the best sense of that word, it has depth of meaning and — it is very beautiful — qualities that are frequently lost on adults these days.

Joan Fox

CANADIAN YESTERDAYS: Edgar A. Collard; Longmans, Green; pp. 327; \$4.50.

A country has always a history. But history only takes on meaning in an intimate personal way when it is reduced from

the grand impersonal sweep of events from important date to important date across country unfamiliar through time, to people. Individual people, with their idiosyncracies, their bravery or cowardice, their humor, their pride, their stoicism, their frailties, touch us, make vivid for us an era gone this hundred years, or gone this five thousand years.

Our own history of Canada is just beginning to be realized by us, to be felt, lived in, laughed over; dramatized in play and novel. As the people of our country emerge from the past as personalities—the soldiers, farm wives, poets, politicians, ministers of the Gospel, authors and travellers, our sense of our own identity too emerges, tradition-enriched, given character and stability.

Mr. Collard's book, a collection of intimate, lively, interesting anecdotes of early Canadian events and people, is a contribution to this personalizing of Canadian history. We read of Professor Grimley floating over Ottawa in his balloon; Francis Abbott, the "Hermit of Niagara" with his strange and finally destructive fascination for the sublime Falls; the wife of our first Prime Minister traversing the Rockies delightedly seated upon the cowcatcher of the C.P.R. engine. It might be given to us to ponder the fact that in the past we have tolerated, even appreciated, the "eccentric," the "character." Perhaps we may soon be mature and secure enough to produce and accept originality.

S. L.

BACK INTO POWER: Alistair Horne; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 323; \$3.75.

Few Canadians and indeed few libraries can afford to purchase airmail editions of a wide range of overseas newspapers, and we ought then to be grateful when some intelligent journalist takes time out from his daily jottings to furnish us with a report from his vantage point over a longer period, and attempts to give us the news as well as his views.

This is what Alistair Horne has done in his *Back into Power*. As the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent he was in West Germany from 1952-54, from the signature of the Bonn and Paris Pacts to the "new start" after the French National Assembly's casual killing of EDC. He tells the story of these years in clear and competent fashion. He has no real axe to grind, and his reporting is largely factual. Indeed at times one feels that he has stuck almost too closely to the dispatches which he had earlier sent to his paper. If one looks for a thesis, it can probably be found in the sentences from which his title is taken:

Germany, once more back in power as a first class force in world affairs, elevated from her cataclysmic defeat by the irony of history to a key position between East and West, holds the balance of power in the cold war. With her burning grievance in the East she may well prove an uncomfortable ally, but if she is allowed to slip into the Russian

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maw, it will be the West's greatest defeat—probably a decisive one.

Mr. Horne was a staunch believer in EDC; he could probably be described as an Adenauer man; and he might be accused of being anti-French. But while sympathizing with the West Germans and with the CDU he is no apologist. His appraisal of Adenauer is friendly but not uncritical; he faces up squarely to the challenge of nationalist, racist and National Socialist revivals; and he has some sharp criticisms of the Western powers. His book contains occasional slips such as describing the German population as being one quarter over 65. But anyone seeking a balanced resume and thoughtful judgments on Germany from 1952-54 would be well advised to turn to *Back into Power*.

Robert A. Spencer.

DRINKERS OF DARKNESS: Gerald Hanley; Collins; pp. 256, \$3.00.

Perhaps it is the conflict of races which generates so much writing about Africa. The elements of drama are ready made, and the background superb. Hanley is a young Irishman with two other novels to his credit. He has considerable power, but none of the gentle humaneness which relieves the sense of darkness in the work of Van Der Post. This story is about an English colony in East Africa where the situation deteriorates from uneasy friendship between the races to open rebellion by the blacks. The most courageous of the whites is Tamlin, the overseer, a hard vital man, one of the few Europeans not eaten away by the heat, the whisky and the neuroses which beset his fellows. There are also one or two fine African characters, not corroded with rancour but caught up in the black brew of hatred and unrest. On the whole, the people of this story are unpleasant or downright rotten, the situation is a morbid one and the effect depressing. Surely life even in East Africa is not entirely without light or hope.

H. T. K.

FRAGILE LINEAGE: Christine Turner Curtis; printed at Peter Pauper Press; pp. 62; \$2.00.

Poems by Christine Turner Curtis have appeared in this magazine, the *Saturday Review of Literature*, and a number of American poetry magazines of various sizes. Her collection *Fragile Lineage* is attractive to look at and her lyric gift is obvious — but so, unfortunately, is the basic content of most of the poems. Under a sometimes top heavy superstructure of fine, contrived phrases is a very small foundation of idea.

Anne Marriott.

#### GORDON'S COROLLARY

(Continued from front page)

As long as the terms of reference are sufficiently broad, the amount of work to be done by a Royal Commission will always exceed the resources available for doing it.

Therefore, in this special case, the application of Parkinson's rule that bureaucrats make work for each other is unnecessary and irrelevant. The work is there, whether artificially created or not.

The one necessary and sufficient assumption is that all staff appointees wish to have subordinates. The explosive chain-reaction of research which follows is limited only by the fact that the Royal Commissioners tire of taking evidence, or that the Government feels that a decent interval has passed and a Report should be submitted, whichever occurs first.

Since the amount of work to be done is infinite but the amount of time and resources for doing it arbitrarily limited, then the Recommendations of the Royal Commission are

independent of the research which went into making them. This may be known as Gordon's Corollary to Parkinson's Law.

E. W. S.

### OUR CONTRIBUTORS

EMIL L. FACKENHEIM is with the department of philosophy, University College, Toronto . . . ALEXANDER BRADY is the author of *Democracy in the Dominions* . . . ELISABETH WALLACE is the author of a forthcoming book on Goldwin Smith . . . FREDERICK W. GIBSON is with the department of history, Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario . . . JOHN DALES' study of energy resources in Quebec will appear shortly.



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